

The Academy

and Literature.

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The Literary Week.

Two object lessons that have recently come under our notice throw a light on the interesting subjects of the sales of books, and the kind of books that people read. The scene of the first is a bookseller's shop in a provincial town famous for its historic school. Enter an author whose last book, a volume to which he had given three years of thought and application, has found thirty odd purchasers in six months. On a table in the shop he sees piles of Dr. Smith's *Smaller Latin Dictionary*. He counts them. There are seventy copies. "A goodly number," he remarks to the shopman, "shall you sell them?" "Oh, yes," comes the cheerful reply, "we'll sell that lot this term, easily."

The scene of the other object lesson was a first-class railway carriage on a main line morning train. The occupants were six men. For the first portion of the journey they all read newspapers. One read the *Times*; one the *Standard*; two the *Chronicle*, and two the *Mail*. The schedule of the literature they produced from bags, and read when they had finished their newspapers was as follows: One (he was a clergyman) read Shelley's "Queen Mab," another *Pendennis*, another Mr. Headlam's *Nuremberg*, the third and fourth read sixpenny magazines, the sixth read nothing when he had finished his paper. We should add that the reader of "Queen Mab" succumbed first. In half an hour he was fast asleep. The eyes of one of the magazine readers were still intent on the pages when the train stopped at the terminus.

At a Paris café last week, says a writer in the *Daily Chronicle*, an Englishman took up three French papers by chance—*Le Temps*, *Le Soleil*, and *La Vie Illustrée*. In each a feuilleton was in full swing: in *Le Temps* Stevenson's *St. Ives* had a place of honour, whilst the others were publishing respectively translations of *The Last Days of Pompeii* and Guy Boothby's *Dr. Nikola*. In addition, the *Matin* is publishing *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*.

THE publishing business of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons has been purchased by Mr. Swan Sonnenschein and Mr. Arthur E. Franklin, who, in conjunction with a few of their private friends, have registered it in the old name as a private company. The directors of the new company are Mr. Franklin, Mr. J. Carr Saunders, Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., Mr. Sonnenschein, and Mr. Laurie Magnus, M.A., the general editor of Mr. John Murray's educational publications. The last two directors will take an active part in the management.

IN connection with the forthcoming volume, *Rochester, and Other Literary Rakes of the Court of Charles II.*, by the author of *The Life of a Prig*, it is of interest to recall that the Hon. Stephen Coleridge was credited with the authorship of the latter work shortly after its publication some fifteen years ago.

WITH the new portion of the Oxford English Dictionary, which contains the whole of Q, a beginning is made of Volume VIII. The forthcoming section has been prepared by Mr. W. A. Craigie. Comparatively few of the words beginning with Q in English are of native origin.

MR. HEINEMANN asks us to say that the statement that the Report of the Trial of Jeanne d'Arc, of which he has recently published a translation, had been previously translated into French, is incorrect. The original documents, which were partly in mediæval French but mostly in Latin, were only published by Quicherat in their original form for a learned society, and have never before been translated into any modern language—not even into modern French.

WE have received a copy of an Islington quarterly magazine called *Poets' Corner*, with an intimation that if we have the space to quote the contribution on p. 8 we may do so. The contribution on p. 8 turns out to be a "humorous recitation," entitled "Farmer Brown's Coronation Trip," running to eighteen four-line stanzas, whereof the eighth is this:—

Towards the Strand with map in hand
He walk'd with every caution,
And in due time he heard the chime
Of clocks in that gay portion.

We have space for no more of Farmer Brown's adventures. The poem on Robert Burns on another page would be more to our purpose, but the description of Burns's songs as "those psycographs sincere" again stays our pen.

A PARIS firm of publishers has issued an illustrated photographic work entitled *Nos Actrices Chez Elles* which it seeks to recommend to English as well as French readers. The cover sent to this side of the Channel is couched in the English that is "spoke." Here is some of it:

The women who are excelling at the theatre with her talent and beauty never have been pointed out as much as to-day.

They are living surrounded with authors and artists eagerly attending to their glory, and it would be supposed the public curiosity is satisfied about them.

It, really, is not so at all.

We complain knowing something about the most attractive actresses only by official pictures and newspaper articles. We want to see them in their intimate life, the outline which their own personality glitters in, how their mind is revealed and their fancy is guessed.

As yeldance to such a general wish, we beg to undertake just now the publication of peculiar, precedentless an album.

Every one shall be able to gain admittance to the queens of the day, to get for an instant familiar guests at their home, and to discover therein wonderful marvels of furniture which will of course suggest many excellent comfort and good taste thoughts.

Intending all this advantage to their readers, Messrs. Fayard, the publishers in question, have secured the services of M. Eugene Pirou, "the most suited photographer to lead it all right." "As for the text, in order to meet an informed author, an original mind's one," they have committed it to M. Henri de Noussanne. If M. Noussanne's text is to be translated into the English of the circular, the work will be irresistible.

A LATE and interesting sidelight on the character of Edgar Allan Poe is afforded by an interview with Alexander T. Crane, who was for eighteen months Edgar Allan Poe's office boy. It was published recently in *The Sunday World Herald* of Omaha. Mr. Crane is in his seventy-third year, and lives in Harrison County, Iowa. He says that Poe was the "gentlest, truest, tenderest, and knightliest" man he ever knew, and he was his "boyish idol, just as his memory is the pride and glory" of his declining years. When Mr. Crane was sixteen years old he secured the place of office boy and mailing clerk of *The Broadway Journal*, of which Poe was editor. He says that "Poe was a quiet man about the office, but was uniformly kind and courteous to every one, and with congenial company he would grow cheerful and even playful." The poet came to the office at 9 in the morning and staid until 3 or 4 in the afternoon, working during that time steadily and methodically. Mr. Crane once wrote a poem while working for Poe, which he submitted to him, and which the poet advised him to send to the editor of *The Youth's Cabinet*, who published it. The old man is very indignant when he recalls how biographers detracted and defamed his idol. He says that Poe was a gentleman in every sense of the word, that "he was honest, generous, kind, and true," and that, although he tried to drown his sorrows in the cup, "he could never have been anything but a gentle, tender, lovable man, a thousand times to be pitied, but never to be condemned." Mr. Crane does not agree with Poe's biographers that the poet sold the manuscript of his "Raven" for ten dollars to buy medicine and food for his wife, because Poe came into the office of the *Broadway Journal* one day in winter with the actor, Murdock, and called all the employés to his desk to hear the great elocutionist read his first poem, and in the next issue of the *Journal* the "Raven" was given the place of honour.

THE Professor of English Literature in the University of Oregon raises his voice in the *North American Review* on the contradictions of literary criticism. A teacher who finds, as he speedily does find, that good authority may be

brought against everything he says, finds it hard to shape his own course as a lecturer. Three possibilities, says the Professor, are open to him. He may ignore the critics, giving his own judgments only. Secondly, the lecturer may cite only such opinions as coincide with his own views. That is what is usually done, consciously or unconsciously, by university teachers. Thirdly, the lecturer may frankly admit that every point, without exception, in modern literary criticism is in dispute; and cite the weightiest authorities both *pro* and *con*, on every point he touches. The first method would, in most teachers, be arrogant. The second gives an illusive finality to the lecture and a temporary satisfaction to the student. The third method is honest, but laborious; but while leaving the student unsettled in his mind, it induces him to compare and think. To show what the difficulties of such a lecturer really are, and, at the same time, to illustrate the inchoateness of modern criticism, the Professor gives us a long series of parallel judgments on Tennyson, some of which are certainly entertaining. We take leave to quote some which relate to "Enoch Arden," and which answer specific questions put by the Professor in his character of inquirer. Is "Enoch Arden" simply and tenderly written?

YES.

His similes in "Enoch Arden," he said, were all such as might have been used by simple fisherfolk, quoting this as one of the tenderest (he thought) he had written:

"She heard,
Heard and not heard him;
as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher under-
neath the spring,
Musing on him that used to
fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and
lets it overflow."—
Hallam Tennyson.

NO.

Walter Bagehot has pointed out that in no single instance throughout the poem is Tennyson content to speak in the language of simplicity. The phrases are often happy, often expressive, but always stiff with an elaborate word chiselling. To express the very homely circumstance that Enoch Arden was a fisherman and sold fish, we are told that he vended "ocean-spoil in ocean-smelling osier."—

Dawson: *Makers of Modern Poetry*.

Is the poem true to the realities of men's lives?

YES.

Noticeable, finally, for the loveliness and fidelity of its *genre* scenes.—Stedman.

The atmosphere of a remote seaside hamlet, and of its life from day to day, is fully preserved and felt.—Stopford Brooke.

NO.

Never for a moment in "Enoch Arden" is the reader brought into touch with real characters or with the real experiences of sailors. . . . The poem has none of the savour of fact. It is lyrically falsified from first to last. . . .—Gates.

Is Enoch a type of the hardy English seaman?

YES.

Enoch—to speak first of him—is the type of the "able seamen" of England . . . the mainstay of our navies—a type which has lasted more than a thousand years. . . .—Stopford Brooke.

NO.

He is a sentimental, soft-hearted dreamer . . . anæmic and semi-hysterical. . . .—Gates.

For all such contradiction what is the remedy? One method, it is suggested, is to study the idiosyncrasies and limitations of each critic, and by making allowances for these, find his ultimate value; then to bring all the sifted critics together and discover, so to speak, their least common denominator. At least so we interpret the Professor who, however, suggests and prefers another method, and that is "the systematic application, by some critic of synthetic genius, of the famed Hegelian method. The world still refuses, it is true, to accept, in entire seriousness of mind, the Hegelian postulate that human thought—which is always critical—has in all lines and in all times arrived at truth *via* contradiction.

Nevertheless, the thorough-paced application of this maxim by its author to various fields of thought proved it to be one of the most practically illuminative forms assumed by the doctrine of evolution. Applied, for example, to the study of the Greek philosophers, whose theories seem at first blush quite as chaotic as those of our recent literary critics, the Hegelian method did actually produce therein the semblance of an orderly evolution of thought. There is, then, hope that, if this method should be applied to our literary critics with all the patience, intelligence, and comprehensiveness exercised by its author, we might here also lay hold of some clue which would lead us through these very contradictions to the beauty and fullness of truth." To which we shall add but one remark, and that is—the game does not appear to be worth the candle. The art of a Tennyson is not worth it; the art of a Shakespeare can dispense with it. Daily we perceive that the world is becoming too literary.

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON, the Indiana novelist, announces his intention of signalling his entrance into the State Legislature by promoting a Bill providing for an annual literary prize contest, the State to name the judges and award the prizes, amounting to five hundred dollars a year. The *Chicago Tribune*, which prints the full text of the proposed Bill, furnishes also some interesting comments upon it from Indiana authors. James Whitcomb Riley and Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, it seems, favour the plan, believing it would tend to bring literature in America under such governmental recognition as is given the profession of letters in other countries. General Lew Wallace, on the other hand, thinks that "Indiana literature would be out of place appended to the tail of a legislature. Better leave it entirely to its own independent effort." In this opinion George Bair McCutcheon and Charles Major concur. George Ade—Indiana authors are many—sardonically suggests that it would be better to make the experiment in some other State than Indiana, where "every third man, woman, and child is an author in some stage—embryonic, active, or retired." Why not try Massachusetts? he suggests.

MR. TARKINGTON has at any rate provoked the newspapers to discuss his fantastic scheme more or less seriously. The *New York World* makes light of Mr. Tarkington's plans. "Bounties on beets are one thing," it declares; "bounties on books quite another." It continues: "Reasons why the book crop of Hoosierdom should not be stimulated by a State subsidy system are so numerous that we only mention a few. First, the crop is already large and amply rewarded by an appreciative public consisting of not less than 30,000,000 readers eager for good reading. Second, the average legislator of Indiana, or any other State, is not a competent judge of good literature. Third, 500 dollars is a preposterously paltry sum wherewith to fertilise the literary soil of a great State like Indiana; it would not pay the judges two dollars a day for the time they would require to give to the reading of the 'copy' that would be sent in." *Harper's Weekly* regards the proposition more seriously: "In these days when a multitude of publishers are holding out money inducements of the first order for all creditable literary work, an author with a good, saleable manuscript, is little likely to 'tie it up' in a State competition on the chance of winning a paltry hundred dollars and the doubtful glory of a 'blue ribbon' bestowed by a State legislature. In which case the awards would be simply to 'the best submitted' not to the best literature produced in the State; and with none of the star producers 'in the running,' the honour of winning would be reduced to the minimum." "Whatever else may

be said of Mr. Tarkington's Bill," declares the *Atlanta Journal*, "it gives convincing proof of his interest in his profession and his earnest desire to promote it. If it should become a law and result in developing another Booth Tarkington, its passage would be abundantly justified."

A CORRESPONDENT of the always interesting *American Dial* gives the very curious history of the barbarous word "sockdologer," which is an Americanism for the finishing stroke in a fist-fight. The word, it seems, is a ludicrous transposition of the vocal elements of the word *doxology*. Some wag noticed that the singing of the doxology dissolved the worshipping concourse, the purpose of the assembling being fulfilled; if the purpose was a fight, the finishing blow dissolved the ring of spectators and abettors. He avoided the possible irreverence of a direct comparison of the different meetings by a comical metathesis of the sounds of *d* and *s*, as the Yankee farmer invoked the use of a stout needle upon the object of his wrath instead of pronouncing an eternal doom. "Sockdologer" answered the purpose as well as the more solemn word.

THE later history of the word is almost too complex for our space. It became abbreviated to "sock" and then, having travelled to England, became confused with a real English word—Berkshire for to strike a hard blow. So that there was the singular concurrence in signification of a curtailed American waggery with an English provincialism. The transmutations of the word, adds the *Dial* correspondent, did not end here. From the tendency of people, especially of the illiterate, to substitute a familiar word for a similar unfamiliar one, "sock" was changed to "soak." By 1870 it had gained sufficient currency to become an addition to our stock of slang. And now it becomes allied with other meanings of "soak." A thing is soaked to prepare it for further use, or so that it may be not stiff but pliant and fit for use; so we hear that "A has it in soak for B." Perhaps here is an indistinct consciousness of the English proverbial saying, "To have a rod in pickle." Finally adds this sleepless Nimrod of a word: "All the former uses of *sock* now are found with the later slang. We hear, 'He soaks him with a hard ball,' or, 'Let 'em soak it to him.' Probably some new forms will spring from this development, as side-shoots sprout on a willow. I shall not be surprised if in a few years I shall discover that 'an old soaker' is not a sot ruined by alcohol, but a hard hitter with fists; the epithet 'old' referring not to age but to eminence in degree, as 'a high old time' may be only a debauch begun twelve hours before. Such is the story of the changes of one word in the life-time of one man."

A WRITER in the *Saturday Review* claims to have discovered a "key to *Jane Eyre*." Some key was necessary, he considers, because *Jane Eyre* "had as its motive a consideration born of male experience regarding the difficulties of the marriage question where lunacy was concerned. The genius of Charlotte Brontë has been proved, on every side, to be constructive and not creative." This key the writer claims to have found in "a little work on Craven in six letters to a friend in India," printed and published in 1838 from Skipton, Yorkshire." The book in question was written by Frederic Montagu of Lincoln's Inn, a grandson of John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich. We cannot follow all the correspondences which are pointed out between *Jane Eyre* and Mr. Montagu's work, but they are so close as to at least lend very strong probability to the writer's contention. He sums the matter up thus:—

Jane Eyre owes to Mr. Montagu its inception and motif, its plot and much of its staging; the creation of the "square-set" Grace Poole with the happy idea of juggling the mystery

around her; the creation of the night-roaming, black-haired, white-gowned, candle-bearing, hideous woman given to incendiary proclivities and frenzy; the creation of at least the names of Millcote, Lowood, Lynn, Eshton, Ingram, Georgiana, Helen, Abbot, Currer, Bell, Poole, Mason, Severn, Eyre, Rivers, Burns, Jane, Janet and possibly St. John; the creation of a certain poetic "faery" atmosphere round the heroine Janet that bears direct influence upon the introverted Charlotte—Rochester; the creation of incidents including the laming of Rochester's horse, Rochester's fortune-telling deception, the voice and echo in the mountains; the "guide-book" and panoramic note; the laboured vignettes and "pictures"; and the superlative attention to nature with the selection of his, Mr. Montagu's, Craven for background.

It will be interesting to see how far this theory is accepted by students of Charlotte Brontë's work.

Bibliographical.

EVER since a contributor to the *Daily Chronicle* made the mighty discovery that Mr. Swinburne once wrote a work of prose fiction which appeared pseudonymously in the *Tatler* (1877), I have been waiting to see whether the same tardy Columbus would draw attention to another item in Swinburnian bibliography, almost as interesting in its way. I refer to the poet's share in the little book for young people written by his cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith, and entitled *The Children of the Chapel*. To that pleasant story—the story of a boy who, for the sake of his sweet voice, is kidnapped and forced to join the young actor-vocalists of the Chapel Royal—Mr. Swinburne contributed the text of the masque in verse which the children are supposed to perform before Queen Bess. Mrs. Leith's tale came out in 1864, and prior to that the poet had published verse in *Undergraduate Papers* (1857-58), *The Queen-Mother and Rosamond* (1860), and verse in *Once a Week* and *The Spectator* (1862). In the masque ("The Pilgrimage of Pleasure") Mr. Swinburne seems to have aimed at an imitation of the sixteenth-century manner, but the rhythm and the diction have now and then a "Swinburnian" turn, as in this little speech by Discretion:—

For pity of Youth I may weep withouten measure,
That has gone a great way as pilgrim after Pleasure,
For her (most noble queen) shall he never have in sight,
Who is branden all about with bonds of Vain Delight.
That false fiend to follow in field he is full fain,
For love of her sweet mouth he shall bide most bitter pain.
The sweeter she singeth, the lesser is her trust,
She will him bring full low to deadly days and dust.

Later on, Youth himself says—

We have gone by many lands, and many grievous ways,
And yet have we not found this Pleasure all these days.
Sometimes alighting all about her have we seen,
A glittering of her garments among the fieldes green;
Sometimes the waving of her hair that is right sweet,
A lifting of her eyelids, or a shining of her feet.
Or either in sleeping or in waking have we heard
A rustling of raiment or a whispering of a word,
Or a noise of pleasant water running over a waste place,
Yet have I not beheld her, nor known her very face.

Talking of Mr. Swinburne, I hear that he has given Mr. E. V. Lucas permission to reproduce (as an appendix), in one of the volumes of Mr. Lucas's forthcoming edition of Lamb's works, the well-known sonnets on English Dramatists which Mr. Swinburne included in his *Tristram of Lyonesse*. The sonnets will figure in the Lamb volume which Mr. Lucas proposes to devote to the *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*. I understand, by the way, that

Mr. Lucas intends to put all Lamb's books for chil ren into one volume—an excellent arrangement.

The announcement that Mr. Samuel Waddington is about to bring out a collected edition of his original verse is interesting and welcome. He is best known, probably, by his anthologies—*English Sonnets by Living Writers* (1881), *English Sonnets by Poets of the Past* (1882), and *Sonnets of Europe* (1886). Of the first two of these, new editions appeared in 1888, the first being enlarged by the addition of ten sonnets. The second and third were usefully annotated. The first had an appendix in the form of a note on "The Sonnet: its History and Composition." Mr. Waddington's first original volume was the *Sonnets and other Verse*, of 1884; then, in 1889, came *A Century of Sonnets*, and, in 1896, *Poems*. An "appreciation" by Mr. R. Le Gallienne, prefacing some specimens of Mr. Waddington's verse, appears in the "Robert Bridges" volume of Mr. Miles's *Poets and Poetry of the Century*. In 1878, I may note, Mr. Waddington contributed to the "French Forms" section of an anthology called *Latter-Day Lyrics* a graceful rondeau. He was, I believe, among the first to cultivate these forms in English.

We are to have quite a little flood of Collected Poems. The Hon. Roden Noel, for instance; he, too, is to be distinguished in this way. If the poems are to be got into one volume, it should be of goodly bulk; for look at what it must needs comprise—*Behind the Veil and Other Poems* (1863), *Beatrice and Other Poems* (1868), *The Red Flag and Other Poems*, (1872), *Livingstone in Africa* (1874, republished 1895), *The House of Ravensburg* (drama in verse, 1877), *A Little Child's Monument* (1881), *Songs of the Heights and Deepes* (1885), *A Modern Faust and Other Poems* (1888), *The Poor People's Christmas* (1890), and *My Sea and Other Poems* (1896). We have already had a selection from Mr. Noel's poems in the "Canterbury Poets" (1892), and yet another selection, edited and prefaced by Mr. P. Addleshaw (1897).

Then, the Rev. Dr. Walter Chalmers Smith is to be "collected" likewise. I remember very well the stir made by certain of his earlier poems, for, as the work of a Presbyterian minister, they were thought to be "a trifle shocking" in their breadth of view and catholicity of spirit. The work by which Dr. Smith is best remembered is *Obrig Grange*, which came out in 1872, and reached its fourth edition in 1888. It had been preceded by *Hymns of Christ and the Christian Life* (1867), and was followed by *Borland Hall* (1874), *Hilda among the Broken Gods* (1878), *Raban or Life-Splinters* (1881), *North Country Folk* (1883, reprinted in 1888), *Kildrostan* (a drama in verse, 1884), *Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings* (1887), and *A Heretic and Other Poems* (1891). A volume of selections from Dr. Smith's verse appeared nine years ago.

Messrs. W. & R. Chambers publish this week a volume called *Literature in the Century*, written by Mr. A. B. De Mille, "Professor of English Literature in the University of King's College, Windsor, N.S." A curious thing about this is that a copy of the work has been reposing on a shelf in the British Museum since January 31, 1901. The fact is that *Literature in the Century* was published originally in 1900 by the Linscott Publishing Company, then of London as well as of Toronto and Philadelphia. It is American in origin and in spelling. The American edition, I should mention, is adorned by a portrait of the author (young and, I dare say, gifted)—by portraits also of half a dozen other masters in literature, such as Tennyson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Molière.

The Plays of Molière in French: Tartuffe, Le Festin de Pierre, L'Amour Médecin, with a new translation and notes by A. R. Waller. (Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

MOLIÈRE has never been popular in England. He is too intimately and characteristically Gallic in the best sense really to please any persons in this island save the organisers of Speech-Day entertainments at such schools as can boast promising French scholars. At those innocuous festivals a scene or so from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* or *Le Malade Imaginaire* is frequently butchered to make a parents' holiday; but otherwise Molière does not flourish on our stage. He shares neglect with Congreve. At the present time, however, he seems for some reason to be enjoying a little favour. Two firms of enterprising publishers are simultaneously "doing" him for the benefit of the English public. Since nothing is, without a cause, there must be a cause for this interesting double phenomenon, but we have not been able to detect or discover it; the amenities of international politics certainly do not furnish any clue, and one can only suppose that, as Shakespeare has now been issued in every conceivable form, the energy of the publishing trade is driven to attack the Shakespeares of other countries. The volume before us is the result of a curious effort. It has been produced in an admirable manner, meet for the shelves of a fastidious bookman; and yet within it gives hints that it is a school-book after all, or at any rate pedagogic. How else should the French and English versions be printed on opposite pages? A person who is not a schoolboy or in the position of a schoolboy, if he wants to read Molière, wants to read him definitely either in French or in English: surely not in both. The right-hand page looks suspiciously like a crib for the left, and adult readers do not care to catch themselves committing the sin for which they had to smart in youth; whereas to people frankly ignorant of French the left-hand page will be merely a nuisance and waste of paper. In short, the utilitarian or instructive aspect of the edition is likely, in our opinion, to militate against its general acceptance.

As for Mr. A. R. Waller's work, his notes are of the slightest; he evidently believes that notes to a classic are in the nature of a futile distraction, and though we share this belief, we should not care to assert that he had not lived up to it a little too rigorously. Some of his notes to *Tartuffe* are rather remarkable. For example: "*Discipline*. A whip used by religious" (*sic*). And to underline Dorine's exquisite pertness when she exclaims of Tartuffe, "*Le pauvre homme!*" in Act V. by an explicit reference to Orgon's similar exclamation in Act I. is an insult to the intelligence and the memory even of a schoolboy. There are witticisms in the play which stand in much greater need of commentary than that, but which Mr. Waller entirely ignores. Mr. Waller's translation, we are bound to say definitely, varies between the mediocre and the bad. It is seldom neat, and often clumsy, and sometimes wrong. Even assuming that, in *Tartuffe*, Mr. Waller has endeavoured in his prose to get something of the formal effect of Molière's verse, his rendering of—

Ne me détourne point de ce qu'elle a voulu
by

Do not turn me away from doing her will
can scarcely be deemed justifiable; it is neither English nor French. And

Now mind! I am going to speak on a strange subject,
is not at all the exact meaning of

Au moins, je vais toucher une étrange matière.

What Elmire means is that, in trying to induce Tartuffe to make love to her while her husband is concealed under the table, she is about to embark on a somewhat peculiar enterprise. (And she is.) Again, it was in Molièresque comedy that provincial dialect was first used, and there is a well-known dialect scene in the second Act of *Le Festin de Pierre*. But Mr. Waller was surely ill-advised when he transmogrified this provincial French into Yorkshire of the most pronounced brand. Mr. Van Laun, Mr. Waller's predecessor in translating Molière, committed the same indiscretion, but not so excessively. The introduction of a violently English dialect quite destroys the illusion (the necessary illusion) that one is reading a French play.

Par ma fi, Piarrot, il faut que j'aïlle voir un peu ça,
is beautifully French.

But what can be said of

My goodness, Piarrot, ah mun goï and get a sight on 'em?

The effect is simply that by some horrid magic Don Juan has been rapt away, and is carrying on his Lotharian schemes somewhere between Halifax and Bradford. It would have been far better, in our opinion, entirely to sacrifice Molière's effect than to accomplish this utter dissipation of the French atmosphere of the scene.

But despite all drawbacks, we feel that we are indebted to the producers of this edition for an opportunity of reading once more two of Molière's greatest comedies. For Mr. Waller has chosen, by way of commencement, the production of what was probably Molière's very best year. The accusations against Molière, that his persons are not individualities but abstract ideas, that he was sometimes guilty of a feebly sentimental opportunism, and so forth, hold with unabated force. But they amount only to the fact that Molière was Molière. *Tartuffe* may be an abstraction, yet he is so concrete that every courageous reader will perceive himself in the abstraction. It has been said, and said too often, that since Balzac, Nature has fallen into the habit of imitating Balzac. The saying might far more appositely be applied to Molière. In that incomparable scene in Act III. of *Tartuffe*, where Tartuffe, after being completely defeated by Orgon's wife and son, recovers his position with Orgon by pretending frankly to admit that he is what he actually is, the very roots of human instinct are touched.

TARTUFFE: Oh! let him speak: you chide him wrongfully and you had much better believe his story. Why be favourable to me in the face of such an assertion? . . . Why trust in my bearing, brother? Why believe me good because of my outward professions? No, no; you suffer yourself to be deceived by appearances, and I am, alas! just what these people think. The world takes me for a worthy man; but the simple truth is that I am worthless.

(Addressing Orgon's son.)

Yes, my dear boy, speak: accuse me of treachery, infamy, theft, murder; overwhelm me with still more despicable names. I do not deny them, I have deserved them; on my knees I will bear the shameful ignominy due to the sins of my life.

ORGON (to Tartuffe): This is too much, my brother. (To his son): Wretch, does not your heart relent?

This scene has been praised for centuries, and it will always be praised. It is not Shakesperean, it lacks perhaps "ecstasy," but it is supreme of its kind, supreme in its sobriety, wit, and profound truth to nature.

And Molière, while flagellating the back of the universal man, the man that inhabits equally China and Peru, could unbend deliciously to satirise the fleeting actualities of the day. There is a fragment in *Don Juan* about "emetic wine" that is as fresh to-day as it was in 1664.

SGANARELLE: You have a very unbelieving disposition. Yet you know that emetic wine has lately made a great noise in the world. Its miracles have converted the most incredulous minds and it is but three weeks ago that I myself saw it produce a marvellous effect.

DON JUAN: What was that?

SGAN.: There was a man who had been in agony for six days; they did not know what more to prescribe for him, and none of the remedies were any good; at last they took it into their heads to give him the emetic.

D. JUAN: He recovered then?

EGAN: No, he died.

D. JUAN: What a wonderful effect!

SGAN.: Certainly. For six whole days he had not been able to die, and this killed him at once. Could you have anything more efficacious?

Could you have anything more efficacious than this simple kind of wit? It is the large, free wit of a great poet. There have been those who said that Molière was not a poet, just as there have been those who said that Pope was not a poet. But poetry is too wide and comprehensive a thing to be grasped in its entirety by the minds of such people. This is poetry—

All thy sorrows here shall shine,
All thy sufferings be divine:
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.

But there are other sorts of poetry. There is a sort that does not exhibit itself in single lines and images, a sort that can only be perceived by a spectator who withdraws to a distance and views the total mass. Aristophanes, among comic poets, achieved this variety. So did Molière.

Old Wine in New Bottles.

The Varieties of Religious Experience. Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion, 1901-1902. By William James. (Longmans.)

DR. JAMES is Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. He is a corresponding member of the Institute of France and of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences. We do not know from personal experience what he is like behind the lecturer's desk; but if his delivery does any sort of justice to his agreeable literary expression, the University of Edinburgh had no reason to regret the lot by which he was chosen Gifford Lecturer. His subject is one that lay ready for original treatment. In the revolution of thought and the revelations of natural science that set their stamp on the last century, the line of simple demonstration that sufficed to our grandfathers is left barren of consequence. The naïf appeal to Design is ruined; its premises are worm-eaten. If it is yet studied, it is studied mainly as an exercise in deductive logic. If its conclusions are ratified, that is for other reasons than itself could furnish.

Natural theology is that branch of the science which pretends to explore the existence and nature of God so far as these can be searched by reason without the aid of revelation. The ideal explorer in this field is one who approaches it without prepossessions, who, "with wide eyes calm upon the whole of things," is content to watch and wait. For him nothing is incredible, nothing sure. He is not disgusted by extravagance, not impatient of pretentious ignorance. He is not defeated by many words; to him no fool is wholly foolish, and he is thrice armed against a bore. He will wade through reams of exultant and illiterate egotism, content if in the heart of so many bushels of chaff he may discover a single grain of the wheat of bread. Be the yield a trifle more plenteous, he is filled with grave respect. He is free from poignant conviction of any kind, and resolutely excludes himself from the easy ways of apriorism. He is as ready to go one way as another, reason shown; sitting at all men's feet, he will call no man Rabbi. So far as this is a just picture of the right empiricist it expresses Dr. James.

Men are divided by F. W. Newman into two classes. There is the class of which Walt Whitman is the type—

the once-born. These see God as the animating Spirit of a beautiful and harmonious world, beneficent and kind, merciful as well as pure. They read his character, not in the disordered world of man, but in romantic and harmonious nature. Their sorrows even, like Marie Bashkirtseff, they find delightful. "It is not I," she writes, "who undergo all this—my body weeps and cries; but something inside of me which is above me is glad of it all." We cannot linger over these. Less is learned from them than from the sick souls who, from conscious misery, from the womb of despair, must be born again. It is these "twice-born" who furnish the principal data from which the modern natural theology must build up such slender edifice as, in these middle years, it may. Of these are St. Teresa, and Bunyan, and Tolstoy, and Stephen Bradley, and (whatever may be the sum of him) Luther, and Molinos, the founder of Quietism, and Ignatius the first Jesuit, and Alline the Nova Scotian evangelist, and St. Augustine Doctor of Holy Church, and Fox the first of the Quakers, and Paul the least of apostles. What is it that from these, and from the Eddys and Myers of our own transatlantic day, a Gifford lecturer can deduce and tentatively formulate? He has examined mysticism, has examined philosophy, has compared them. Newman's magnificent rhetoric (it is the lecturer's word) on the philosophical attributes of Essential Being leaves him cold. (That is an individual judgment upon which several thousand thinkers will at once part company with him; so, of course, he will have expected.) It is the mystic from whom, being convinced of the essential veracity of his experience, our Empiricist prefers to learn. In that "subliminal consciousness" which is nowadays a well-accredited entity, he finds the mediating term he wants. By it, it would seem, the conscious person is made continuous with a wider self through which come those experiences we call spiritual. The furthest limits of our being plunge into another dimension of existence than the sensible—even than the intelligible—world. This mystical region is real, for it produces real effects in this world: it will overturn a character and reshape it, for example. And with our greater or less correspondence with its demands varies our well-being. So far the empirical method seems to have made its foothold sure. And at this point yawns a chasm that must be bridged by an hypothesis. Most religions suppose the God (let us say God) "with whom, starting from the hither side of our own extra-marginal self, we come at its remoter margin into commerce," to be the absolute world-ruler, in whom all things live and move and have their being. "This world may indeed, as science assures us, some day burn up or freeze; but if it is part of his order, the old ideals are sure to be brought again into fruition, so that, where God is, tragedy is only provisional and partial, and shipwreck and dissolution are not the absolute and final things."

The Lecturer cannot persuade himself to so great a leap. That the world of our present consciousness is only one out of many worlds of consciousness that exist, he is persuaded; and that those worlds must contain experiences which have a meaning for our life also; and that the two become continuous at certain points, so that higher energies filter in. But to him the mystery of evil is by the monistic assumption left unsolved. From its net he sees no way of escape save by reversion to a sort of Manichæism. "If we allow the world to have existed from its origin in pluralistic form, as an aggregate of higher and lower things and principles, rather than a unitary fact, evil would not need to be essential. It might be an independent portion that had no rational or absolute right to live with the rest; we might hope to see it got rid of at last."

This is a brief and lame summary of a conclusion built up with diligence and modesty upon a broad foundation. We are not, for our own part, we confess, persuaded.

Dr. James, it is clear from a hundred indices, hardly expected that we should be. Perhaps he is not quite persuaded himself. But that does not matter. To reach a legitimate conclusion is the triumph of a work of art; and Dr. James, within the limits he sets himself, has done so.

The Magistrate.

The Prisoner in the Dock. By James Greenwood. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)

FOR four years Mr. Greenwood held a roving commission from the *Daily Telegraph* to visit the London police courts, watch the crowds that stream through them and seize for record anything that was suggestive. And as some thousands of human lives every month reach their crises in the London police courts, one may foresee that a practised journalist would in four years obtain many swift glances into the comedy and tragedy of humble homes (for at least ninety per cent. of those who pass through the dock belong to the poorer classes). This is just what Mr. Greenwood has accomplished. His book, the reprint of articles in the *Telegraph*, inevitably challenges comparison with that of Mr. Holmes, the police court missionary, which was published last year, and the comparison is not entirely favourable to Mr. Greenwood. Mr. Holmes knows the criminal and the drunkard "at home"; to him their appearance in the dock is a mere episode in their lives, and consequently his book had an intensity of interest which depended not at all upon skill of presentation. Mr. Greenwood starts from the police court, the mere episode; he takes the point of view of the magistrate. The method was imposed by the demands of his commission. The result is suggestive, amusing, journalistic—but without conclusion as to any means of keeping prisoners out of the dock.

The magistrate himself is one of the most interesting personages in court. One cannot withhold admiration from Mr. Haden Corser, for instance, when, seated in an ordinary chair, thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, he unties the knots in dozens of lives in the half-hour before the formal proceedings begin. It is thirty minutes of pure common sense brought to bear on the trivial tragedies of the ignorant and poor. "Your worship, I have married a wrong un!" says an applicant, and proceeds to explain in reply to the magistrate's questions:—

"When we were courting and talking about getting married, we agreed, among other things, that she was always to get up first and make the kettle boil while I toasted the bacon."

"And does she now insist on toasting the bacon while you attend to the kettle?"

"No, your worship. She flatly refuses to do either the one or the other."

"What does she do, then?"

"She lies abed while I get my own breakfast, and, when I tell her to get up, she threatens to do all manner of things to me."

Inside of a minute the magistrate—it was Mr. D'Eyncourt—had given the solution and called the next applicant. Here is another glimpse, which relieves the long procession of battered wives who want protection but "do not want to hurt him." "Please, your worship, I want Jacob Zulinski bound over," began an applicant.

"Ah, but, my worship, it lays this 'ere way: It's Esther I'm sweet on, and Rachel—that's her sister—she says if I don't marry her I sha'n't marry anybody, and her brother takes her part and ses the same. He said it no longer ago than last night, 'If you want to marry into our family,' he ses, 'you've got to marry Rachel, and if you conterdick me, I'll knock your bloomin' head off.' And," added the young man dolefully, "he's a fighting man—that's the worst of it."

The question was complicated by the fact that the young man had previously courted Rachel, and Rachel had the

furniture he had bought for the projected home. No ordinary man could find the way out in a few seconds. But the police court magistrate is cold reason incarnate, and does it. Many others of Mr. Greenwood's glimpses one would gladly reproduce, and one would be glad of something more than the glimpse. There was the case of the burglars who broke into a cheese warehouse with a Bank Holiday in front of them and a rope slung to a skylight behind them. The rope broke, but the Bank Holiday held firm. They ate cheese and drank lard—for there was nothing else available—until they were literally tired of the job. And the policeman on the beat heard plaintive voices pleading for immediate arrest. It is impossible to give more than a hint of the drunkards, criminals, and fools who passed before Mr. Greenwood's eyes during those four years—for every criminal, even the noblest and most picturesque, matriculates in the police court. But one serious point we may note. The infant pickpocket is terribly frequent, and wonderfully proficient. Who teaches the child? The child is usually remanded for enquiries to the workhouse. And, as Mr. Greenwood points out, the workhouse children, living a rather dull life, must welcome the advent of the interesting stranger, hang upon his lips, and feel the fire of emulation kindling. It is scarcely fair to turn the youthful blackguard loose among children whose only fault so far is poverty.

The Making of a Novelist.

My Australian Girlhood. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. Illustrated. (Unwin. 16s.)

TRUTH serves none better than the novelist, and, in the case of Mrs. Campbell Praed, the pair get on capitally together. In this delightful volume, the medley of memories and impressions paint Australia as history can never do. For we get the sense of the prehistoric, of that Lemurian world sunk deluge-deep in oblivion, of which the platypus reports. The spectral armies of gum-trees under the Southern Cross, the aborigines on whose lips our speech is but a sort of "gooing and garring," the colonists building prosaically within hearing of the bunyip, unite in Mrs. Praed's volume in that marriage of incongruities which is the essence of the picturesque.

From undue autobiography she refrains, but one gathers that her country is her heroine, that her people were in Australia in the forties, and that one of her great grandfathers was very much the poet, though a bushman. For on an occasion when his bush is burning and his beasts are perishing, the grandmother, then a girl, writes to her lover that "Papa [sits] in the little parlour writing poetry. He is now writing a piece on Life, which is very pretty." Mrs. Praed's parents were Queensland settlers of more pluck than luck. Sheep, cattle and sugar seem to have engaged the father. The first home she well remembers was Naraigin, where a black murderer peeped through the glassless kitchen window at "Mother" and "Tommy, Baby Lizzie and me." Yet, for the blacks, Mrs. Praed entertains on the whole the kindest feelings. Of their language we have enough to make a dialect novel. They only count to five, it appears; past that any number is "metancoly" or "a great number." But they had or have a way of reducing the suitability of the hand for this arithmetic by cutting off the third finger in the belief that the mutilation would facilitate their passage to heaven. "When a black fellow falls ill he believes that an enemy has cut off a piece of his hair while he slept and has buried it under a gum-tree, and that, as the hair rots away, so will his strength decline, till Debil-debil at last takes him to his own place." In the light of this superstition the third finger may be held to be well sacrificed.

Mrs. Praed's blacks have a mythology different from that which Mr. James Dawson attributes to the aborigines of Victoria. We hear nothing from her of Pirmmecheal,

the giant above the clouds, or Muuruup the "maker of bad-smelling smoke," who employs owls for his spies, or the black woman as tall as a gum tree, with a bandicoot for familiar, who compelled one of her sex "to eat raw opossums for six moons." But she tells us of Baiamé, whose arm is buried in the sand of the sea so that he cannot raise himself until the imprisoned limb rots off and liberates the might which shall destroy both white and black in Australia. And we learn, too, of the Bunna, Tohi, and Wunda—body, soul and spirit—and comprehend that theology has complicated even the black to himself as it long ago complicated the white.

Mrs. Praed's character-portraits are excellent, and that of Paddy-the-Horse, a stockman in a favourite rôle, shall be transferred here for his own racy sake and for the popularisation of Australian cookery.

"Sure, you're not going to shift out of my camp till I've made you a flipper," Paddy would say. . . . Excuses were vain, and escape impossible—at any rate till the artist became absorbed in his work. At first he would play about with the frying-pan, which was black, battered, and filled with dirty fat, moving it over the fire, as fat and dirt mixed and simmered, when with grimed and gory hands he would scoop flour out of his ration-bag into a black quart-pot of miscellaneous use, adding soda, and dipping the quart-pot into a bucket of greasy fluid scarcely to be called water. Now, with his fingers, he would stir the mixture to a froth, which was poured into the frying-pan. . . . As the fat boiled it would take shape, bubble and sizzle. Critically Paddy would turn it with the blade of his knife to which clung shreds of tobacco—and other things. Browner grew the flipper—

And paler no doubt grows the reader, but he will recover, if he be wise, to read this book of memories, to taste its flavour of "chucky-chuckies" and Moreton Bay figs, to hear its crack of "daloopil" echoing from old conflicts, and to listen to its "sneezers."

Other New Books.

Theism: being the Baird Lecture for 1876. By Robert Flint. Tenth Edition. (Blackwood.)

THAT a book on an abstract subject has reached a tenth edition is creditable at once to its author, the foundation upon which the lecture was delivered, and the Scots public, who may be presumed to have been the first to appreciate its merits. The work is sufficiently well known among such as are in touch with the higher thought of orthodoxy to dispense at this time of day with precise appreciation at our hands. The controversies with which it is concerned, far as they have travelled from the battlefields of the eighteenth century, still range over the same area as a quarter of a century ago. No strategic movement since then has materially changed the ground of the combatants.

This tenth edition is distinguished from its nine predecessors by its treatment of a personal question, to which the feeling of the author attaches considerable importance. Was it the weakness of Dr. Flint's defence of the theistic position that drove Romanes into atheism? Such is the implication of Dr. Caldecote. Now Romanes's *Candid Examination of Theism* was published in 1878, and Dr. Flint's book a year earlier. So far the facts are consistent with Dr. Caldecote's theory. But in the volume entitled *Candid Examination* aforesaid, Romanes states that the essay from which the volume takes its name was written several years earlier; and in a later essay, included in the same volume, he proceeds to laud Dr. Flint's *Theism* as a work in which the objections are with great lucidity stated and answered with great ability.

To this as it stands it might easily be retorted that a philosopher anxious to be assured of his position would

naturally declare that he had sought and found an adequate presentation of the position he disdained. But Dr. Flint met him—met the *Candid Examination* in a note to *Anti-Theistic Theories*; and in a Melbourne journal "an eminent Australian theologian" claimed for Dr. Flint, shortly after the publication of Romanes's *Thoughts on Religion* (edited by Dr. Gore), that Romanes had been brought to the conclusion that he had misunderstood the bearing of Dr. Flint's reasoning, that he had not done justice to the moral argument, and that his own reasoning was vitiated by the anti-scientific notion of "force" and the "persistence of force" which pervaded them; so that he had "become a martyr by mistake." At any rate there was a later mood, and for that Romanes found expression (in another's words): "Believe it not, reject it not, but wait it out, O Man."

The Biographical Edition of Dickens: Sketches by Boz, The Pickwick Papers. (Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. each.)

It might be possible for a clever biographer to write a descriptive account of the innumerable editions of Dickens's works, which would show with what pains they have been adapted to every kind of taste and pocket: from the penny *Pickwick* (we believe there has been such a thing) to the millionaire's edition de luxe now being floated in America. The present biographical edition is an admirable appeal to the cultivated but not plutocratic reader. It emanates from the firm which is inseparably associated with Dickens, and has the original illustrations. To each volume is prefixed a biographical introduction by A.W.—initials which many will recognise. In Thackeray's case the biographical edition has already had its classic. In Dickens's the possibilities are not so great, but if A.W.'s introduction to *Pickwick* sets the standard for all the other introductions, we may say in advance that the literary success of the edition is assured. The genesis of *Pickwick*, and of the main collateral facts in Dickens's life, are set forth with limpid clearness and sufficient fullness. Print, paper, and general form are excellent. The cover is probably the most modern that has yet been applied to Dickens. Between its bright red-and-gold decoration and the atmosphere of the *Pickwick* period hypercriticism might find a slight want of harmony. But really we have nothing but praise for an edition to which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have brought all their resources old and new. The number of volumes will be eighteen.

A History of the Nineteenth Century. By Edwin Emerson, Junr. (P. F. Collier & Son, New York.)

THE Americans have claimed with reasonable pride that their hemisphere has contributed its share and over to the sum total accomplished by the world since the death of Washington; at any rate it is such considerations that have entered largely into the preparation of these three volumes, comprising some two thousand pages.

This much one learns from the preface, and from the history itself one speedily appreciates that the author is not British. The first volume, of 600 pages, carries the world's history down to 1815, to Waterloo, and is a notable commentary on the Napoleonic era. The author should always write of Napoleon. He knows him well, he knows his marshals, his armies, his battles, his wounded and his dead. Not a Frenchman falls to the ground in those campaigns but it is chronicled in these pages. But from a historical point of view it is not very material whether a marshal lost in a given battle 8,946 men, or in a grapple between two ships how many men lay dying in the cockpits. The author revels in such details, with the result that the next eighty-five years of the century have to be hustled into the remaining two volumes.

The method pursued is to take the world's history year by year, and develop several events concurrently. When

the event is of powerful interest, and one that legitimately fills the world's stage, as for example, the Napoleonic wars, or the Civil War, or the Crimean War, or the Mutiny, then it is possible to drop the story from time to time and to take it up again in its chronological order. But in the case of the South American Republics, for instance, where there is no event of absorbing interest, this method of "continuing in our next" presents nothing short of chaos.

This is no school book, no cram-book, no processional of kings, no dictionary of dates: nor does it show traces of considerable and independent research. An intelligent eclecticism might evolve much the same history from files of the *Times*.

The latest addition to "The Fascination of London Series" is *Hampstead and Marylebone*, by G. E. Mitton. Mr. Mitton hardly suggests the fascination of Hampstead; he is more at home, perhaps, in Marylebone. Nor is he always quite accurate. To write of Jack Straw's Castle, "The present inn was built in the early part of the eighteenth century, and is a nice-looking stuccoed old house," is very misleading. Parts of the house remain unaltered, but the old effect was completely spoiled some years ago by a modern lower frontage and the substitution of glaring bars for the old quiet parlours. The literary associations of Hampstead Mr. Mitton treats too much in the mere guide-book spirit. We should have preferred a little less about Hampstead as a spa, and the Home for Soldiers' Daughters, and a little more about Leigh Hunt and Keats.

In Miss M. Betham-Edwards's *East of Paris* we have a series of sketches in Gâtinais, Bourbonnais, and Champagne. Miss Betham-Edwards has written much of France, and always sympathetically and well. In this volume she glows into enthusiasm over such places as Larchant, Recloses, La Charité, and Nemours. Of Nemours the author says: "Will it be believed that a town memorialized by the great, perhaps the greatest, French novelist, could not produce its title of honour, in other words a copy of *Ursule Mirouët*?" But Balzac was unrepresented in the stationer's shop, which exhibited in its window only penny books, including an abridged edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

There reaches us from Messrs. Dent, in their "Temple Classics" series, Fielding's *Adventures of Joseph Andrews*, in two volumes. The text of the issue "in the main follows that of the standard or first collected edition of 1762," and no notes have been supplied, the editor considering them, in the case of prose fiction, "of very doubtful use." The reprint is preceded by an adequate introduction, as well as the author's well-known preface to the first edition.

To Mr. Heinemann's splendid series of classical French novels "A Century of French Romance" is added the *Renée Mauperin* of those baffled brothers, the Goncourts, who maintained through their lives of unequal length the full literary character at the cost of waiting, chagrin, and desperate hope, but, happily, with the balm of opulence.

Despising, or affecting to despise, the general verdict of their contemporaries, they loved to declare that they wrote for their own personal pleasure, for an audience of a dozen friends, or for the delight of a distant posterity. . . . No doubt the passion of the collector was strong in them: so strong that Edmond half forgot his grief for his brother and his terror of the Commune in the pursuit of first editions: so strong that the chances of a Prussian bomb shattering his storehouse of treasures—the *Maison d'un Artiste*—at Auteuil saddened him more than the dismemberment of France.

Thus writes Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly in his interesting introduction to the novel.

Fiction.

The Hole in the Wall. By Arthur Morrison. (Methuen. 6s.)

MR. MORRISON has hardly succeeded in this story as we expect Mr. Morrison to succeed. The book is nearly all setting, and setting without much delicacy of observation. We get a clear impression of the riverside slums, Ratcliff Highway, and such sordid haunts of drunken vice and horrid joviality, but it is an impression rather of the camera than the brush; there was more soul even in Wapping in those days than Mr. Morrison contrives to convey to us. We have seldom met with a more blackguardly set of people than these who frequent the Hole in the Wall public-house. The proprietor of the place is bad enough, but he has points of goodness which, under the unconscious influence of a little grandson, blossom into a renunciation of the old ways. The grandson, Steve, who tells part of the story, is not a very live boy; his sharpness, when he is sharp, seems merely introduced for the story's sake; and when he is dull it is for the same reason. The whole purpose of the book, indeed, would appear to be to present unredeemed rascality; the lighter side, such as it is, does not shine with a convincing lustre. We are glutted with horrors. There are two actual murders, and one dreadful scene in which a blind man, to be revenged on a confederate who does not play straight, destroys that confederate's eyes with quick-lime. The thing is well done, it sickens us as we read, but we seriously doubt whether it was worth doing. And we have the same feeling about the final catastrophe, in which we are shown the recently-blinded man at an upper window of a burning house: "The shade was gone from over the place of the eyes, and down the seared face and among the rags of blistered skin rolled streams of horrible great tears, forced from the raw lids by scorching smoke." That is a form of realism to which we cannot reconcile ourselves. We doubt whether it is legitimate to true art; we doubt, indeed, whether a true sense of art would touch such details.

Anna of the Five Towns. By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

MR. BENNETT has given us in this story something very different from his *Grand Babylon Hotel*. In that "fantasia," as he rightly called it, we singled out for praise those parts in which character was sketched. Here character is not merely sketched, but portrayed, and that throughout; while instead of a farcical-melodramatic setting in the Strand we have the grey actualities of the Staffordshire potteries. The Five Towns—here called Turnhill, Bursley, Handbridge, Knype, and Longshaw—are the instantly recognisable centres of the pottery manufacture. Pottery and Wesleyanism constitute the atmosphere.

The outstanding merit of the story is its intimate and not unpoetic understanding of the life of the Five Towns. In a drama set under a smoke-pall, filled with portraiture of petty chapel life, and dominated by the harsh and miserly character of Ephraim Tellwright, it might be supposed that, as a set-off, the course of love would be allowed to run with smoothness, or, at least, with ultimate certainty. But this is not the case. Henry Mynors, the most superior man in the town, who can do everything well, from arranging and modernising his works to organising a revival, is without the power to stir the deep waters of Anna Tellwright's heart. He can command her boundless admiration, and waken the hunger or illusion of love, but that is all.

The holier privilege is reserved—unfortunately it is reserved rather too long—for Willie Price, the sheepish, simple lad who develops a new manliness when his

hypocritical father hangs himself for debt in his own slip-house. It is the sudden postulation of futile love between these two at the very end of the story that, to our mind, is responsible for the reader's dissatisfaction with the completed drama. For our part we think that Anna did really feel for Willie Price the satisfying love which she perceived only when she was bidding him farewell to Australia. All her feeling toward the perfect Mynors was weak compared with that which flowed unbidden into her words, "Yes, I shall always remember you—always." She had saved this lad from disaster by the boldest act of her life, an act of opposition to her tyrannous father, and she felt for him something of a mother's love—a characterisation finely perceived by Mr. Bennett. A woman's real love for a man has always in it a touch of the mother, for her heart vibrates on a whole. "As their eyes met in an intense and painful gaze, to her, at least, it was revealed that they were lovers." What to do with them on the last page but one? Mr. Bennett's solution does not satisfy us. We do not think that Anna would have done what she did, or that Willie Price would have done what he did. At any rate neither act seems proved, and we are led to wish that this complication had been introduced earlier in the story, had been of its stuff instead of its selvage. But, as a whole, the story is a strikingly vivid presentment of life and character in the Potteries: as such it is memorable for its courage and intimacy.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE CREDIT OF THE COUNTY.

By W. E. NORRIS.

Mr. Norris's admirers know what to expect, and this quiet chronicle of country-house life does not disappoint. They will feel quite at home with Denis Vale, who belongs to "the physically attractive, morally sound, mentally well-balanced and practically illiterate class of English country gentlemen at the close of the nineteenth century." Also with Barbara, whom he married from the schoolroom, and who, foolish girl, allowed Ernest Glyn to kiss her. Also with the omniscient Lady Mount-Sorrel, who ordered a bishop about. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE RIVER.

By EDEN PHILLIPOTS.

An open-air story of Dartmoor, the folk who live there, especially Nicholas Edgecombe, warrener, and the river Dart that flows through that country, as it flows through Mr. Phillipott's pages. There is dialect, close observation of native types, and more nature description in one page than Mr. Thomas Cobb (say) gives to a whole volume. We make no comparison. We merely state a fact. The story begins: "From the rapt loneliness of her cradle, from her secret fountains, where the red sundew glimmers and cotton grasses wave unseen, Dart comes wandering southward with a song." (Methuen. 6s.)

NEBO THE NAILER.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

A story of the nailworkers of the Midlands, of the struggle between class and class, of philanthropy and the love affairs of philanthropists. Nebo and his sister have been brought up among the hand nailmakers. The cruelty of their stepfather to the sister opens Nebo's eyes, and leads him to throw off the yoke. The pair are befriended by the Follys, brother and sister. Miss Folly is rich, and finances some of Nebo's schemes for the welfare of the workers. Mr. Folly falls in love with Nebo's sister, and Nebo with Miss Folly. (Cassell. 6s.)

PAUL KELVER.

By JEROME K. JEROME.

An account, humorous and sentimental, of the adventures of Paul Kever on his way through the world.

Actors, musicians, and singers cross his path, and in the end his opera "looks like being a big thing." The book is easy reading, and Paul is quite companionable. Here is one of the chapter-headings: "Of the Shadow that came between the Man in Grey and the Lady of the Love-lit Eyes." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE HIGHWAY OF FATE.

By ROSA NONCHETTE CAREY.

Natural, homely, pathetic, sweet, wholesome are the epithets reviewers use in describing a new story of *Nellie's Memories*. The present volume keeps on the same desirable lines. Dr. Cleveland's household is a little agitated, because Eunice, his sister (she had pretty, Irish-grey eyes and dark lashes) has made up her mind to earn her own living, and is already "in treaty with a lady." (Macmillan. 6s.)

NEITHER JEW NOR GREEK.

By VIOLET GUTTENBERG.

A novel of Jewish social life. It begins with a marriage of convenience between Adeline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Friedburg, and Mr. Michael Rosen of the Acme Furnishing Co. "Adeline, like most Jewish girls of the present day, had been taught to place her affections in accordance with her parents' wishes." The story is dedicated to "my friend Marie Corelli, as a slight tribute to her genius."

FROM BEHIND THE ARRAS.

By MRS. PHILIP DE CRESPIGNY.

No. 3 in the "First Novel" series. "I was born in the year 1703, consequently in the year 1720 I was seventeen. . . . My name is Alaine Victorine de St. Cénis. . . ." The scene of the story is laid in France during the early part of the eighteenth century, and the heroine is the daughter of a French marquis, her mother, however, being English. The heroine's refusal to accept a husband except by her own choice places her in a situation which nearly proves fatal. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE FATE OF VALSEC.

By J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

This historical romance deals with the early history of the Reign of Terror, and describes events in Paris a year subsequent to those narrated in a former novel by Mr. Burton called *The Year One*. The Marquis de Valsec had a "soft, complacent voice"; he was a "most courtly, agreeable companion"; he had the remnants of "great personal beauty"; his "smile was perfect," but he had no heart. When the English judge heard this, he said, "Humph!" and rubbed his chin. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF A COURT MILLINER.

By L. T. MEADE.

At the age of eighteen she was presented at Court: at twenty-eight she found herself alone in the world, with a fortune of one thousand pounds. With this capital she became a Court milliner and dressmaker. The twelve stories that compose this volume are a record of her experiences, or, rather the play of a wide-awake novelist's inventive faculties on the subject of a Court milliner's experiences. (John Long. 6s.)

THE WORK OF OLIVER BYRD.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

"Oliver Byrd" was the *nom de guerre* of a successful author. A certain editor, not a very pleasant editor, let the world think that he was the author. On this deceit the plot of the book turns. *The Phonograph* as the title of a successful paper does not strike us as very happy. (Nisbet. 5s.)

THE SHADOW OF THE CZAR.

By JOHN R. CARLING.

This Polish romance is a medley of history and adventures. The period is half-way through the nineteenth century, and the story opens with an account of an adventure that befell Paul, a young soldier, in the wilds of Dalmatia. Surprising events follow. The Czar is one of the characters, and there are references to Lord Palmerston. (Ward Lock. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Real Ruskin.

Ruskin's enormous work has never had steady auditors or spectators: it may be likened to a sidereal sky beheld from an earth upon the wing.—Mrs. Meynell.

For fifty years continuously he wrote, lectured, and talked about Mountains, Rivers, and Lakes; about Cathedrals and Landscapes; about Geology; about Minerals, Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Music, Drawing, Political Economy, Education, Poetry, Literature, History, Mythology, Socialism, Theology, Morals.—Frederic Harrison.

THE purposes of Blackwood's *Modern English Writers*, and Macmillan's *English Men of Letters* are so similar that when to a monograph on John Ruskin in the first series is added another in the second, one's first thought is obvious. But it is also unnecessary. Mrs. Meynell's book, reviewed by us in 1900, was written on lines which saved it from the risk of supersession. It is in no way touched by Mr. Harrison's different, and fuller, treatment of Ruskin's life and labour. The two books, indeed, have a rather interesting relation. Both writers begin by recognising the amazing and defeating variety of Ruskin's work. But whereas Mrs. Meynell set herself to tread the great labyrinth and con, as well as she might, all its treasures, hoping to gather some large intelligible lesson from their bewilderment and excess, Mr. Harrison straightway acknowledges (time having demanded it) that Ruskin is a stimulus rather than an authority, an influence rather than a master. What Mrs. Meynell proved by loyal carefulness of inspection Mr. Harrison accepts as the basis of a larger and less trammelled biographical study. It is in Mrs. Meynell's delicately wrestling pages that the student comes into closer contact with Ruskin's mind; in Mr. Harrison's he becomes better acquainted with his career.

We are now in a fair way toward the establishment of the right attitude to Ruskin. That attitude has been missed alike by his disciples and his detractors. The first have taken him for an authority, the second for a wrong-headed empiric. They have both failed to penetrate the disguise which Ruskin wore all his life, or to detect the true undertones of his voice. These made him appear a learned and reasoning teacher in every subject on which he delivered himself, whereas he was not a learned and consistent teacher but a volcano of ideas. The mistake grows more and more unaccountable, for in the very accent of Ruskin's writings there is ever the hint of a large loose dealing with ideas, as of a poet and as of a prophet, rather than of any compulsive appeal to a narrow thinking power. Take any thesis he sets up, take indeed almost any passage in his writings in which there is an argumentative intention, and see if he does not take you by glorified special pleading to an over-glorious conclusion. One would like to find the typical Ruskin utterance and place it before the eye in its strength and weakness. To find it is not easy, for it must be compactly illustrative. Still, rather than dwell in generalities, we

will copy out a passage from *Præterita* as a small object lesson. Ruskin is at Turin, and has just left a little evangelical Waldensian chapel where the preacher, a stunted figure in a black coat, had led his flock through languid prayers, and had then stimulated them with a discourse on the wickedness of circumambient Piedmont and the exclusive favour of God showered on themselves. Ruskin says:—

Myself neither cheered nor greatly alarmed by this doctrine, I walked back into the condemned city, and up in the gallery where Paul Veronese's Solomon and the Queen of Sheba gloomed in full afternoon light. The gallery windows being open, there came in, with the warm air, floating swells and falls of military music from the courtyard before the palace, which seemed to me more devotional, in their perfect art, tune, and discipline, than anything I remembered of evangelical hymns. And as the perfect colour and sound gradually asserted their power on me, they seemed finally to fasten me in the old article of Jewish faith, that things done delightfully and rightly, were always done by the help and in the Spirit of God.

This is an example of Ruskin's lawless and opulent association of ideas. The conclusion at which he arrives is good and valuable so far as it goes, but it is neither justified by its premises nor fit for promulgation as a law. Devotion is devotion, and is not necessarily arranged, tuned, or disciplined: its expression will be personal and temperamental. The military music he heard gave him the atmosphere in which he himself liked to be devotional, but it did this only when another atmosphere had suggested devotion without bestowing it. Having insinuated as general and essential what was really personal and accidental, he goes on to say that the continuance of the music fastened him in the old Jewish belief that things done delightfully and rightly are always done by the help and in the Spirit of God, whereas we know, and he knew, that though the music was being done delightfully and rightly, it was being played simply by the help and in the spirit of a conscientious band-master. The very adverbs delightfully and rightly are juggled, for were not the hymns delightful to those who sang them? and are not all things rightly done God-like? The apparent contrast between untutored hymns and disciplined trumpets is utterly unreal, and the argument is a verbal gymnastic. It is the beauty of the incidental ideas and the æsthetic, not dialectic, skill with which these are arranged that produces the effect. Nevertheless the main idea is not valueless; on the contrary, it is valuable within the limits of its usefulness, but those limits must be found by the reader.

This gorgeously inaccurate yet absolutely sincere way of writing is peculiarly Ruskin's, and half the danger and difficulty of reading him arises from the fact that he dispenses poetry with the air of a teacher, and sees visions as if through a telescope. In the *Seven Lamps* he has glowing words on Truth, the virtue which he says has no borderland. "Truth regards with the same severity the lightest and the boldest violations of its law," and is the one quality "of which there are no degrees"; "there are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom, truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain." The impulse of thousands is to applaud such words from the heart, and the impulse is good as the impulse that gave them birth was good; but Mrs. Meynell was right to dismiss them as inoperative rhetoric. You may of course endue them with rightness by a sort of transcendental reading, just as by a sort of transcendental reading, not desired by Ruskin nor suited to his context, you may say that good drum and fife music is always done by the help and in the Spirit of God. But truth is not a tyrant. If it did not forgive, no striving would avail us for an hour. Truth assuredly has its borderland, its Galilee, where sincere men may be moderately blest, and to deny it is to consign Ruskin himself to many an outer darkness.

It is his opulence of ideas, ruled by ultimate veracity rather than by present watchfulness, that makes so much of Ruskin's work a chaos of wild reasoning and glorious insight, of incomplete knowledge and enchanting prophecy. He could not be thriftily and straightly effective; he must amass, expand, and overdo. He loved quantity of ideas, quantity of sight. His nature, he said, was that of a worker and a miser. "I rejoiced, and rejoice still, in the mere quantity of chiselling in marble, and stitches in embroidery; and was never tired of numbering sacks of gold and caskets of jewels in the Arabian Nights: and though I am generous too, and love giving, yet my notion of charity is not at all dividing my last crust with a beggar, but riding through a town like a Commander of the Faithful, having any quantity of sequins and ducats in saddle-bags (where cavalry officers have holsters for pistols), and throwing them round in radiant showers and hailing handfuls; with more bags to brace on when those were empty." Such he was in wealth, and such in wisdom.

The real Ruskin, then, was little qualified to be a master or organiser of human life. His ideas were not derived from intimate or organised study of the world around him, but were snatched from it in primary fervours and developed in solitary musings. They were essentially Utopian. They answered to human needs but not to the tabulated needs of the hour. Mr. Harrison admirably and adequately describes Ruskin as "a man of rare genius, of what one of his French admirers called 'a palpitating imagination,' and withal he was a man of delicate moral sensitiveness, of acute human sympathy and vision. He had some share of that Gift of the Ithuriel Spear by which frauds are detected, which enabled men with such different spirits as Plato, St. John, and the Mystics, or Burke, or Shelley, to give us wondrous hints and guesses, beautiful consolations and hopes, even in their fancies, their paradoxes, their illusions." Had this been understood from the first, this great man would have been taken at once less and more seriously, and some of the tragedy of his life would have been spared: he might never have written, "Swift is very like me."

Words [says Mr. Harrison] how full of pathos and truth. And that most strange bit of autobiography (*Sesame*, Preface, 21 par.) which ends, that "in my enforced and accidental temper, and thoughts of things and of people," he has sympathy with Dean Swift of all people. Strange parallel, singular coincidences! The most drab-coloured with the most purple of all great masters of English; the most cynical with the most idealist maker of Utopias; the most foul with the most prudish of writers; the keenest politician with the most unpractical of dreamers; the bitterest hater with the most loving sentimentalist—and yet analogies in mind and in circumstance—they two so lonely in spirit, so like in their genius for sarcasm, so boiling with indignation for the people's wrong, so brave, so defiant, each gifted with such burning speech, both such Platonic lovers, yet so continually petted by good women, both once so much sought, often so hotly reviled, both ending in such a wreck, in something so like despair. John Ruskin, too, in his last years of decayed power, could have said, more reverently and less arrogantly, as he turned over the pages of his earlier books, "My God! what a genius I had when I wrote that!" He too might have truly written as his own epitaph *sæva indignatio cor lacerabat*—yea, and could have added *et mentem conturbabat*.

By his sublime abundance of perception and ideas rather than by his schooled efficacy of thought Ruskin won his great place. Through his mind all the beauty of the world and of the moral order trafficked. Was it wonderful that his coefficient of expansion was discovered by few of his contemporaries?

The Unknown Butler.

THE writer of the article in the *Quarterly Review* on English prose of the seventeenth century, with which we dealt in the ACADEMY the other week, made special reference to the neglected *Characters* of Samuel Butler, the celebrated author of *Hudibras*. In his opinion it was a specimen of vernacular prose which he did not hesitate to compare to Swift's.

Though exaggerated in expression, the *Quarterly* reviewer's protest against the neglect of Butler's prose is just in substance. To rank the *Characters* too high would be to bring about a reaction of disappointment. But the point is that they have been overlooked completely. In the usual accounts of Butler you find it stated that one contemporary professed to have been shown by him something like *Hudibras* in prose; but that all Butler left behind him, besides the miscellaneous metrical pieces usually published with his verse, was a few prose fragments of no value. Those accounts which do notice the *Characters* represent them as exercises in a then fashionable but now obsolete kind, and not among the best specimens of that kind. Several years ago we had the curiosity to look them out; and speedily arrived at (virtually) the same conclusion as the *Quarterly* reviewer. It is unfortunately true that they belong to an obsolete order of composition. We no longer relish detached and set sketches of prominent human types—general or social—depending for effect on shrewd or witty strokes. The thing, indeed, survives in a different way. The *Sketches by Boz* are the modern form of it; diffuser, depending on picturesque external details and descriptions of habits, rather than abstract analysis of character. Above all, we do not care for what Dryden's time called "sheer wit." Butler's *Characters*, like the best parts of *Hudibras* itself, are a tissue of "sheer wit."

But if the kind be obsolete, that is all which can be objected. They are head and shoulders above the other specimens of that kind. The best of these are at most shrewd: few would think to call them brilliant. We can see no just cause why that epithet should not be applied to Butler's work, granted the drawbacks of its kind. It was surely to it that the contemporary we have mentioned referred as *Hudibras* in prose. Some of the sayings have actually been transferred to *Hudibras*. Doubtless it was Butler's perception that so hackneyed a mode of composition would be at a disadvantage beside his satiric poem which withheld him from giving prominence to the *Characters* during his lifetime. But if stroke after stroke of wit, in epigram, simile, aphorism, unfailingly original, often pungent and observant, make for brilliancy, then this prose is brilliant. Every now and again you have in some sentence the condensed experience of a sardonic master of life; and always there is the unexpected comic fancy. We cannot see that the wit is anywise inferior to the wit of *Hudibras*. The obstacle is that it is too incessant, too unmingled for the modern mind, with its wandering and soon-tired attention. Also, it must be confessed, the brilliant wit is largely wasted on trivial subjects—a conjuror, a Wittol, a Host, and so forth. There is the advantage of *Hudibras*. That an age which is fatigued by the over-brilliance of Congreve's matchless *Way of the World* should read Butler's *Characters*, with all their drawbacks of theme and kind, is perhaps a hopeless expectation. Yet it may be worth while to bring them under the notice of literary students—for, even in this day, such unpopular beings surely are.

His sketch of "A Modern Politician," the longest and most elaborate performance in these mostly short and off-hand *Characters*, yields good examples of his sardonic and ironic satire. It shows that Swift did not "introduce" (as he claimed) though he may have "refined" irony:—

He never speaks his own sense, but that which he finds comes nearest to the meaning of those he converses with; as birds are drawn into nets by pipes that counterfeit their own voices.

As for religion, he believes a wise man ought to possess it, only that he may not be observed to have freed himself from the obligations of it, and so teach others by his example to take the same freedom.

All regards, and civil applications, should, like true devotion, look upwards, and address to those that are above us, and from whom we may in probability expect either good or evil; but to apply to those that are our equals, or such as cannot benefit or hurt, is a far more irrational idolatry than worshipping of images or beasts. All the good that can proceed from friendship is but this, that it puts men in a way to betray one another.

He is of opinion that no men are so fit to be employed or trusted as fools or knaves; for the first understand no right, the others regard none.

Then follows a passage on the uses of fools as political agents, from the standpoint of the Second Charles's shifty and unprincipled ministers.

The acute insight into the corruptions, weaknesses, and abounding villainies of human nature, the grimly cynical irony, the racy vernacular, are strongly suggestive of Swift, and not below him in terse, incisive scorn. But the style is less finished, tags and splinters project from the sentences. Portions of the satire even yet hold good, though the more unscrupulous ways of politicians have doubtless been bettered. Still more permanent is his satire on the "Small Poet"—the "Minor Poet" of our day. Butler does not spare to foul his own nest; and his remarks have all the keenness of inside knowledge. The "Small Poet" has not changed; his ways are persistent as those of women. It is a good example of Butler's lighter wit:—

He measures other men's wits by *their* modesty, and his own by *his* confidence. He makes nothing of writing plays, because he has not wit enough to understand the difficulty. . . . He grows the unwiser by other men's harms; for the worse they write, he finds the more encouragement to do so too.

If you dislike him, it is at your own peril; he is sure to put in a caveat beforehand against your understanding; and, like a malefactor in wit, is always furnished with exceptions against his judges. . . . He professes to write with as great facility as if his muse was sliding down Parnassus. [The modern affectation is rather the other way. He proceeds ironically to advocate the poet's liberty to blow his own trumpet.] It is not likely that Nature gave men great parts upon such terms as the fairies use to give money, to pinch and leave them if they speak of it. They say—*Praise is but the shadow of virtue*; and sure that virtue is very foolish that is afraid of its own shadow.

Turning to poetry in general, he has a hit at the philosophers, who "will not allow poets fit to live in a commonwealth"; specially referring, of course, to the famous condemnation of poets in Plato's *Republic*:—

Plato, who first banished poets from his Republic, forgot that that very Commonwealth was poetical. . . . Alexander the Great had no wiser way to secure that empire to himself by right, which he had gotten by force, than by declaring himself the son of Jupiter; and who was Jupiter but the son of a poet?

The stroke is unanswerably witty. Butler satirises some political types peculiar to the time; such as the "State-Convert," the Roundhead turned Royalist with the Restoration:—

He is a thrifty penitent, that never left rebellion till it left him. What he gained by serving against the King, he laid out to purchase profitable employment in his service; for he is one that will neither obey nor rebel against him for nothing. He pretends to be the only man in the world that brought in the King, which is in one sense very true; for if he had not driven him out first, it had been impossible ever to have brought him in.

Yet the type thus dexterously ridiculed is as permanent in essence as the Talleyrands and Fouchés, the Brutuses and Scævolas who slunk into Bonaparte's police, or climbed to his heterogeneous peerage after lopping the heads of their aristocratic predecessors. The doctrinaire "Repub-

lican" is still with us, and Butler's comments on him are fundamentally and abidingly sagacious:—

While he is modelling of Governments, he forgets that no Government was ever made by model: for they are not built as houses are, but grow as trees do. And as some trees thrive best in one soil, some in another, so do Governments. . . . Most that I know of this sort are haranguers, that will hold any argument, rather than their tongues.

That is a lesson still unlearned, admirably wise and admirably put. But the trivial *Characters* which have nothing but observation and wit, are worth reading for their wit; as this of the "Wooser"—what we now call the fortune-hunter:—

He has passions lying by him of all sizes proportionable to all women's fortunes. If his mistress's fortune and his do but come to an agreement, their persons are easily satisfied. He has a great desire to beget money on the body of a woman, and as for other issue is very indifferent, and cares not how old she be, so she be not past money-bearing.

The specimens we have gathered will, we hope, show lovers of literature the wisdom, not less than the wit, hidden away in these forgotten writings of a little-read author. In that hope we have culled them.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE author of *Amité Amoureuse* has set herself the task of writing a novel for the young French girl. *Hésitation Sentimentale* (Calmann Lévy) is in agreement with its title, and the announcement in the dedication that the story is for the above victim of an old-fashioned civilisation, all that is most sentimental and virtuous. The heroine is for a little while decorously dazzled with the worldly and superficial attractions of the young man of society, well-born, frivolous, splendidly appraised, with the aureole of fashionable sports about him. Then the glass factory, which promises her a liberal dowry, threatens failure, and the young man of society behaves in the usual way. Love and beauty he admits are all very well as far as they go, but their value is considerably enhanced by a large establishment. In the usual way, too, comes to the rescue of thwarted romance and abandoned beauty, the poor lad adopted by Marie Thérèse's father and saved from starvation or worse, who has in silence loved Marie Thérèse all his life. It is a thin unoriginal little tale, written amiably enough for the age of innocence in the conviction that virtuous youths must unaccountably be moodish bores or dull prigs, which will please readers of a sentimental turn who like a dash of malice and smartness along with moonlit reveries.

It is to be hoped that Camille Maclair is a woman, for, bad as it is to think of a woman having written such a book as *Les Mères Sociales* (Librairie Ollendorf), it would be infinitely worse to think of its being the work of a man. It is a shocking and unjustifiable attack against French motherhood of all classes. Considering that maternity is the obvious destiny of every woman born of woman, though many for various reasons miss this natural destiny, it would be as irrational to expect universal perfection in the exercise of maternal power as it would be to expect it in any other capacity where all sorts and conditions of men meet by natural law. Camille Maclair prefixes this amazing and scandalous indictment of the best mothers in the world with a page of Nietzsche ending: "For the female, children satisfy a need to dominate, they are a property, an occupation, something she understands entirely and with which she can converse," and the embroidery on this theme is quite the most execrable stuff I have ever read. All the mothers in this book, and there

are many, are moral vampires, they blight and stultify the lives of their sons, sucking up all sources of independence and initiative. The heroine whom we are expected to sympathise with as a noble and original figure in her struggle with a barbarous mother is frankly odious. We are asked to regard it as a fine thing that she should have the courage to repudiate marriage, and go up to Paris to paint pictures and live with a young man of her choosing exactly as if they were married. Their friends gather round them admiringly and profess to find them heroic. Why? They spend their leisure in hunting up youths tyrannised by their mothers and helping to set them up in various corners of Paris. As if the modern young man needs to be protected from his mother! He discovers the road to independence far too easily, and when he elects to live with his mother, here in France at least, the domestic fetters are surprisingly elastic, and he finds maternal rule a triumph of tact and indulgence. These unfortunate mothers of France in their quality of wives are still more shamelessly mauled by Camille Maclair. This is matter the reviewer cannot decently touch, for it out-Zola's Zola at his worst. The seamy side of life is never pleasant to contemplate, and it is only tolerable when shown in relief against the more agreeable aspects. Here aristocrats, the wealthy middle-class, and the poorer class are all equally putrid. Not that the book is in the smallest degree pornographic. It is evidently written as a high moral sermon, in the grand, serious, pretentious style, to build a Temple of Free Love on the ruins of the decayed institution of marriage with the ultimate object of the complete enfranchisement of boyhood and girlhood and the obliteration of maternal power.

One of the mysteries of French fiction is why the novelists should so sedulously guard their heroes in their various sentimental adventures from conduct in the least possible resembling that of a gentleman. It seems to be a sort of tradition, like the academic laws which rule their beautiful prose. It is many years ago since I first saw Dumas' *Demi Monde*, and I have never been able to understand why no French person of my acquaintance shares my indignation and disgust at the conduct of Olivier de Jalín. Most French writers seem to believe that in the game of outwitting a woman a man is justified in using the basest means, whatever his social position. In the war of sexes there is no code of honour for the man—the woman is placed at such a terrible disadvantage that we can afford to be lenient to her disregard of honourable instinct, though even, in least expected circumstances, she often nobly rises above her accredited indulgence. But the man in French fiction is ever consistently base, and incurs no reproach. In one of Feuillet's heraldic novels *La Morte*, the hero, a *grand seigneur* like a lackey, with more infamous purpose, listens deliberately, unseen, to the conversation of a group of young girls, convened by a friend of his, a titled lady, that they should talk confidentially together for his benefit in order that he might judge from their private chatter if any were worthy to aspire to the honour of his hand.

It never occurred to Feuillet that no lady was the proper mate for such a cad. Of course it may be subtle chivalry on the part of the novelists and dramatists to dip the balances of sympathy in the woman's favour. But I doubt it. And so I am not surprised in looking over *La Tendresse* by M. Albert Erlande (Ollendorf) to find the males, as usual, miserable creatures in their triumph over women, and the women pitiable idiots in their sentimental woes. Yvonne de Lassereil is dying of consumption on the Riviera. Her lover, aware of this fact, is scouring Europe on his auto-mobile, or roaming the Mediterranean in his yacht. This is how he writes to her: "You are the only woman that ever seduced me; I see you stretched in your invalid's chair, and I feel in my heart the old passion turned into infinite tenderness." He is within a stone's throw of Marseilles, where she is slowly dying. "Adieu, my adored Yvonne, write to me," he adds, and airily

yachts off with a fantastic Englishman to healthier regions, and the poor fool replies: "Four pages, my beloved Georges, from thee, O my so far-off lover!" A more unconscious sermon against the folly of taking a lover was never preached to idle woman.

Why can't society send these complicated creatures out to grass? The advantages of illicit love are considerably less apparent than those of humdrum marriage. A man marries a woman, and there's a blessed end of it. But all these sentimental ravings that lead nowhither and reveal such inexplicable baseness and cowardice, what is their profit? The men so destitute of honour or heart are as miserable as their victims. The study of *La Tendresse* is unrolled in letters, some very clever and cruel, with some singularly sharp and illuminating social touches, but like all books of the sort, it turns one to the contemplation and study of animals with renewed fervour and admiration. Animals are so clean and innocent.

H. L.

Drama.

Chance or Character?

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES was hardly inspired when he called his new play "Chance, the Idol." The name has been a snare to the critics, who have tumbled over each other in their anxiety to prove the undramatic character of chance in general and of Monte Carlo gambling in particular. Thus a usually acute writer thinks it necessary to lay down the doctrine that the gambling mania is a disease and that disease is not dramatic, because "drama is in essence the struggle of a conscious will against obstacles, and there is no conscious will in disease." This is very true and doubtless profitable to reflect upon, but it does not seem to me particularly relevant to the fortunes of Ellen Farndon. After all, the majority of people who gamble at Monte Carlo never catch the "disease" at all. I hardly think that Ellen Farndon did. She had a sum of money which was of no use to her except as a means of recovering the lover who had seduced her and ridden away. For this it was insufficient, but rightly or wrongly she believed that three times the amount would be sufficient. Therefore she deliberately risked it on the chances of the tables. This was no doubt foolish, but was it particularly maniacal? There always is a certain chance of winning heavily at roulette. Doubtless the advantage given to the bank must tell in the long run, but it does not necessarily affect the career of an individual player, which is comparatively speaking only in the short run. And the writer whom I quote probably knows as well as I do that the results of spinning the ball have not as a matter of fact come out, when tested by so competent a scientist as Dr. Karl Pearson, exactly as the strict laws of probability require that they should come. There is apparently an incalculable element at work, and I do not see how anyone can reasonably be labelled as a maniac for taking the off-chance that this incalculable element may be on his or her side. You can, of course, be an ass without being a maniac.

The conscious will of Ellen Farndon is not relaxed, at any rate until failure has broken down her nerves. The superstitions and omens which are the conventional stock in trade of every gambler, and which Mr. Jones might perhaps have dispensed with, do not determine her deliberate course; they are merely the reflections of it. And, in any case, it is not the gambling at all upon which the emotional interest of the piece really depends. "Chance," says Cyril Ryves, whose function is the choric one, "plays but a minor part in human lives: it is always with character that the ultimate issue rests."

The tragic conflict of "Chance, the Idol"—for it is essentially a tragedy, and personally I found it an interesting and a moving one—lies not between Ellen Farndon and the tables, but between Ellen Farndon and the other characters of the drama. Here is a woman, a real flesh and blood woman, with immense potentialities for passion and devotion, brought by circumstances to seek her happiness in a world wholly incapable of rising to her level. It is, to quote Cyril Ryves again, "a false world"; externally brilliant and prosperous and light-hearted, in its Sylvia Dents and Douce Kennetts; at heart incredibly shallow and brutally selfish. To whom does Ellen look for justice and generosity? There is Alan Leversage, who will hardly be galvanised into heroism, or even common decency; and there is Lady Mary Nowell, a well-born, well-meaning, essentially stupid woman, with a sense of duty strictly limited to her family and her caste, the exact type of woman, in fact, which is mainly responsible for the production of Alan Leversages. These, and no others, are really the obstacles against which the conscious will of Ellen Farndon battles itself to fragments.

The structure and dramatic intention of "Chance, the Idol" give it its strength. I could wish it better written: with more sting in the dialogue, a lighter and more original touch in the selection of incident for the background. It gains greatly from the extremely powerful acting of Miss Lena Ashwell as the heroine. Miss Ashwell triumphs over an exceptionally difficult part. She has to display both passion and restraint, to suggest a rich and deep vitality, and to hold back hysteria from degenerating into rant. I particularly like the skill with which, to the end, Ellen's aloofness from her surroundings, in spite of her superficial adaptability, is indicated, the slight touch of commonness in the accent which marks off the living woman from the group of polished worldlings. Mr. Graham Browne fails to make Alan Leversage plausible; he is too unmitigatedly the "skunk" which he protests against being considered. A subtler art is wanted here. Miss Winifred Arthur-Jones, as Douce Kennett, an irresponsible young person who gambles out of sheer gaiety of heart, and has recourse to "a sort of a jeweller" when she gets into difficulties, gives us as delightfully fresh and spirited a bit of acting as one could wish for. Mr. Esmond makes a finished and sympathetic study of Cyril Ryves. This personage stands rather aloof from the action of the play. It is his business to supply the philosophic comment, like a Greek chorus or one of those Maeterlinckian sages who see more clearly than other men into the working of the tragic laws of life which they are none the more able, for that, to deflect. The elaborate consolation which he takes the lead in offering to Ellen Farndon in the last scene is, I think, overdone. You get, first of all, Cyril Ryves's rather chill philosophy; then the pious resignation of Mr. Farndon; and, finally, the stock suggestion of a baby in the next room. The Greek chorus and the Maeterlinckian sage both do the thing better than this. After all, a tragedy is a tragedy, and the slightest touch of moralising would be enough before the curtain is rung down on Ellen Farndon's calvary.

This has been a week of first nights. Really serious and self-respecting critics went on Tuesday to Mr. Victor Widnell's "Secret and Confidential" at the Comedy, on Wednesday to Mr. Barrie's "Quality Street" at the Vaudeville, and on Thursday to Mr. Cecil Raleigh's "The Best of Friends" at Drury Lane. I believe that I did nothing of the sort, but I hope to say something presently of Mr. Barrie's play, a very characteristic blend of irresponsible humour and sentimentalism, which gives a capital opportunity to a talented young actress in Miss Ellaline Terriss, and brings back an old friend in Miss Marion Terry. It is a piece which any girl can take her mother to see, and should have a considerable success. The other two plays are melodrama of a pronounced type.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

A Quiet Hour with Durer.

Few were the pieces of furniture in the panelled room where I sat, and there were fewer pictures on the brown papered walls. But the pieces of furniture were of the best; no fallals worried their graceful lines; no knick-knacks confused their staid design. And the pictures in narrow oaken frames, that were fast turning the right black, harmonised with the furniture. Colour they lacked; it was not missed. For theirs was that intensity of feeling, that brain-bitten-in force that, whatever the subject may be, insists on the suffrages of the faithful. Some were familiar, all, I was sure, were by the same hand. It was fortunate that my host was not an exacting man. He seemed quite content that his pictures rather than himself or his food should hold my attention. But towards the end of the meal one longish remark dropped from his lips: "The flush years of my life," he said, "were spent at Nuremberg. I got into the way of brooding about Durer, and almost ruined myself collecting him. I've walked in his footsteps through Italy and the Netherlands. I'm Durer mad, I suppose. At any rate, I'm too old to change now. Oh yes! a country doctor might do worse than specialise in Durer."

Three portraits hung over his fire-grate. To the right the chubby visage of Erasmus, with the large mouth and the drooping eyelids; to the left the thin, wrinkled face, with the bright eyes, of Durer's master, Wolgemuth, eighty-two years of age; in the centre Albert Durer, painted by himself. Who does not know that majestic portrait? Who but Durer could have painted himself in that way, without one fleck of self-consciousness or vanity? The crimped, silken curls that fall down either side of the long, luminous face, the fur robe, the bare neck, the unkempt hair crowning the smooth brow—these accessories, in a lesser man, would have written trivial vanity over all the portrait. But not so here. The portrait is just Durer with the brooding, melancholy eyes still peering forward, as in life, to the unattainable, with the full, human underlip, and the spatulate fingers of his craftsman's hand still caressing the soft surface of his fur-lined robe.

On the wall before me there was but one engraving—that fascinating interior of ripe craftsmanship, detailed yet broad, dark yet flooded with light, of St. Jerome in his study, with the little indented cushions, the sleeping animals, the hour glass, the scissors, the pumpkin, the saint's slippers, and his hat hanging on its peg. Facing it, quite alone (my host understood the significance of bare spaces), rode Durer's grim Knight, his steadfast gaze taking no heed of his unsought companions, Death and the Devil. And on the darkest wall sat that terrible figure of Melancholia, with the comet flaming ominously in the sky. And yet the room was not depressing. Great Art, the inevitable expression of a noble, self-trained temperament, in line, in words, or in form, does not depress. It is insincerity fumbling with tragedy for effect that depresses. "Christ Mocked," the vignette to Durer's "Great Passion," inspires pity and wonder; it does not depress.

We moved into the study, I looking forward to an afternoon with Durer and the craftsmen of Nuremberg. The lesson began well. "Here," said my host, "are photographs of four men, living and working in Nuremberg at the same time, and representing the stages of difference between the craftsman and the poet. First, Peter Vischer, sturdy, resolute, strong-willed. He happened to be a brass-founder of genius, but you might meet his double, bearded, leather-aproned, in any English village to-day. Second, Adam Kraft, carver and sculptor, still the craftsman, but the mouth is not so firm, the face is touched with ideality, the eyes are anxious, not calm, like Peter Vischer's. Third, Albert Durer—you know him! Fourth, Hans Sachs, poet, and Meistersinger—sheer idealist.

They make —" The telephone bell interrupted him, summoning the doctor to an adjoining village. But before he drove away, through the rain, in his dog-cart, he produced from a cupboard six large portfolios, and begged me to occupy myself with their contents till his return. They were the Durer Society's publications, and for an hour or so, I picked my slow way through that wealth of fancy and industry—till the light gave. Then I leant back in my chair, and thought of Nuremburg.

I saw again the little red-tiled, old-world town snug within its walls; saw again the shops with their Durer prints and photographs; climbed again to the dark, low-ceiled, gabled house in the Albert Durer Strasse, where he lived and died. Nuremburg, which treated his works so shamefully after his death, selling them to the highest bidder, now holds his house in reverence. For Albert Durer is Nuremburg. All day long tourists wander through his rooms, sit in his chairs, peer at the reproductions of his works that hang on walls and screens on the upper story, and note that the fine taste shown in the design of his furniture and accessories is reproduced in the furniture and accessories of the chamber in his engraving of "The Death of the Virgin." They buy postcards showing Durer, sedate and melancholy, standing on the castle parapet above sun-flushed Nuremburg, conversing with Peter Vischer, and Hans Sachs, and perhaps they descend to the little beerhouse against the wall of St. Moritz Chapel and drink a glass of beer, and eat a sausage, to the memory of the three friends who supped there so often when the sixteenth century was young. Perhaps also stirred to know more of the inner life of this great German who was engraver, etcher, painter, carver, sculptor, writer, and poet, they buy (it is not easy to procure) a copy of the *Journal of his Tour in the Netherlands in 1520 and 1521*.

It is not an illuminating work, for Durer was a reticent man, on the side of those who hold that a diary should be a record of facts, not of emotions. Indeed, it is mainly statements of expenses and purchases, satisfaction at the good effect of the letter of exemption from taxes given him by the Bishop of Bamberg, and accounts of the pictures and engravings he sold and bestowed. Thus: "Item, I sold my host a small painting of the Virgin on linen for 2 florins Rhenish. . . . Herr Erasmus has given me a Spanish mantilla and 3 portraits of men. . . . Item: Meister Bernhart, the painter, has invited me, and has given me such a costly meal that I do not believe it could be paid for with 10 florins. . . . I have given 18 stiver for a red cap for my godchild." That was the man—punctilious in little things as in great, giving the same calm concentrated attention to a drawing of the Great Passion as to the quality of a cake of cherries, the purchase of half-a-dozen Flemish cards, or the exact worth of a small yellow post-horn. If on the surface he was of the world, fond of fine clothes, proud of his personal beauty, careful of his silken curls, the deep emotions of this fine nature ran freely. There is a passage in the *Journal* that reveals the man, all the more striking because it flames forth from the mass of trivialities. I mean that cry beginning, "O God, is Luther dead?" And that passage in another place describing the death of his mother—how simply done, yet how touching. No artificer in words speaks here. It is a distraught man's utterance, but controlled. "She had much fear of death, but, she said, she had no fear of appearing before the Lord . . . At last her eyes grew fixed, and I saw Death deal her two great blows to the heart. Then she closed her eyes and mouth and died suffering . . . May God have mercy on my mother! . . . And after my mother was dead her face became more beautiful than it had been during life."

Darkness had now come into the room where I sat, but the figure of Durer hovered above the portfolios of his drawings, a very living presence. One of the portfolios

contained the last portrait he did of himself, with the hair shorn off, very unlike the others. But I did not want to look at that. I preferred to think of him in his prime—comely, high-stepping, triumphant—when he knew Raphael, and Bellini, and Roger van der Weyden and Massys, and that "old mannikin Erasmus." And of that day, three hundred years after his death, when the artists of Nuremburg went in procession to the cemetery of St. John and sang hymns round his grave. I think I heard those hymns. And of Longfellow who—

Then the Doctor returned, wet but cheery, and said, "Now we'll have a quiet hour with Durer."

C. L. H.

Science.

The Cell Theory of Disease.

THE great discovery, not yet a century old, which alone has made the science of biology practical, has been the perception of the essential difference between organic and inorganic, or, in colloquial language, between living and dead, matter. At first sight the power of movement seems a sufficient touchstone, until we reflect that while dead matter, such as a magnet, sometimes possesses an independent motion of its own, living matter, in the shape of a mushroom, does not. Or growth? But the bones of the adult human body, though very much alive, do not appear to increase in size, while a crystal of any mineral salt if suspended in a saturated solution of similar crystals undoubtedly does. Schleiden and Schwann were therefore opening an entirely new field to us when they proved, in 1838, that the base of all organisms was the cell which forms, as the great German scientist who has just passed away has called it, "the lowest unit of life." Every organism from the simplest animalcule to the complex structure of man's physical body, is composed of one or more cells, and the life-history of these cells is exactly the same in every case. Every cell is composed of cell-substance, or protoplasm, a "nitrogen-holding carbon compound" resembling the albumen familiar to us in the white of an egg. The chemical constituents of this can be obtained from many minerals, and are, indeed, diffused throughout nearly all inorganic as well as organic nature. But this protoplasm possesses mysterious properties that no minerals enjoy. Armed from the very first with the powers necessary for making its way in the world, there develops from it an inner kernel or nucleus and an outer membrane or containing skin. And now the fully-equipped cell is, as we should say, alive. It chooses from the medium in which it finds itself those substances which can be used for its own sustenance, it incorporates with itself those parts of them which it knows to be valuable for that purpose, and it ejects those parts of its own structure which have become effete or used up. Thus it continues to grow in size and strength like the crystal we have seen suspended in a fitting solution. But not indefinitely. No sooner has it attained its full growth than it gradually divides itself, and where there was formerly one cell there are now two. So certain is this law of the growth and reproduction of the cell that the great Virchow, to whom I have referred above, was able to lay down the axiom lately quoted *ad nauseam*, and to affirm that every cell in existence must once have come from another cell. This axiom still holds good, and it seems safe to predict that while it does so, the origin of life on our planet will remain unknown.

Virchow's great discovery, however, was less connected with life than with death. Until his time it seems to have been thought that disease was caused by some foreign substance inimical to life seating itself within the tissues of the body, and thence proceeding to conquer by degrees

the whole organism. In one sense this would still be a good though somewhat imaginative description of the principle by which disease works, but Virchow showed that the process had been misinterpreted. The diseased structures of the body, he affirmed, consisted of cells like the healthy or undiseased, and these cells must once have sprung, as do all cells, from others. And as those parent cells can have in their turn no other origin than the original cell out of which the whole structure develops, it follows that the cells of diseased tissues must have developed in the normal way from the cells of healthy tissues, "driven," as Lord Lister has said in this connection, "to abnormal development by injurious agencies." Thus we see that the whole theory of disease is pushed further back, and that we must look for its origin, not in the diseased structure, but in the agency which has caused the cells of the diseased structure to develop in an abnormal way. If one may venture upon so dangerous a thing as a metaphor, it is as if the farmer whose land is artificially watered should, when his crops are in danger of being flooded, seek to remove the dam which has diverted the life-giving stream rather than drain it away to be lost in the ocean.

Let us see, for example, how this explains the morbid process called inflammation. It was once held that this was in itself a diseased condition of the part affected, and that the appropriate remedy was, as was said, to "reduce" the inflammation by treating the local symptoms. But Virchow showed that the efficient cause must be an irritation of the local cells, which causes them, as does all irritation, to increase their own nutrition by subtracting from the blood and the neighbouring tissue a greater supply than before of substance to be assimilated. Henceforward, the congestion of blood in the inflamed part, and the consequent nervous and vascular disturbance, became a matter of very small importance for the cure. To find out and remove the cause of the irritation of the cells is now the care of the pathologist, conscious as he must be that, when this is done, all local symptoms may be trusted to cure themselves. Or let us look at the difference that Virchow's cellular theory of disease has made in the diagnosis of cancer. Until its promulgation Lebert's theory of a specific "cancer cell" held the field, and all tumours, whether malignant or not, were ruthlessly extirpated as a matter of course, lest they should by chance contain the dreaded organism. But Virchow, though his views on the cause of cancer underwent many modifications since his first enquiries in 1858, never wavered in his steady assertion of the truth that cancer was a disease of "erroneous development," and the now generally received theory that it is due to the abnormal growth of certain epithelial cells has come to confirm this. Whoever succeeds in discovering the final cause of this horrible malady—and the investigation has now been seriously taken in hand—will certainly find his labours much shortened by the preliminary researches and brilliant generalisations of Virchow.

Those who remember the pother created by the Darwinian enunciation of the Law of Descent—or to take a case more directly in point, by Jenner's discovery of the prophylactic effects of vaccination—will not be surprised to hear that Virchow's theory was at first much misunderstood, both by its friends and by its enemies. The last named at first raged exceedingly, but at length came round one by one to his side. Its ill-advised friends gave him more trouble, and for some time, as he tells us in his plea for "Freedom in Science," he was plagued with letters from muddleheaded mystics, who wished to apply his cellular theory to all things in heaven and earth. It was quite in vain that he assured them that the only analogy between the cell which formed the "fundamental anatomical unit of life" and the sun was that one was, and the other might be, round. They continued, with the love for a short cut peculiar to a certain order of mind, to assert that they had in the cell the explanation of all the

mysteries of the universe, until a newer and unrelated theory was broached, to which they hastened to transfer their damaging allegiance. Such vagaries may be safely neglected; but Virchow always steadily withstood all attempts to erect his theory into a dogma to be received at all hazards. "I once advanced the view—in opposition to the doctrine then prevalent of the development of organic life from inorganic matter—that every cell was derived from another cell, with reference first to pathology and principally in the case of man. In both respects I still hold that was quite right." Thus he wrote many years before his death, but he went on to say that he considered his theory as a working hypothesis only, and that he had no wish to see it taught in elementary schools, as Prof. Haeckel would have taught the Darwinian theory of the Descent of Man. These words, written at a time when his theory of disease had obtained the unquestioned supremacy which it still enjoys, not only showed the toleration of the earnest student of Nature, but were perhaps the most eloquent testimony he could have offered in favour of the freedom of enquiry in matters of science for which he was pleading.

F. LEGER.

Correspondence.

Philip James Bailey.

SIR,—The growing interest in English literature across the Channel tends to international amity and amenity. But it seems to be too often based on "*les vagues 'on-dit,'*" if we may judge from the following extract from *L'Aurore* of September 10:—

M. Philip-James Bailey, qui était le doyen des poètes anglais et qui vient de mourir, âgé de quatre-vingt-six ans, avait inauguré son "décanat" dès 1839 par la publication d'un poème intitulé *Faustus*, et qui s'inspirait du *Faust* de Goethe.

Ce poème qui, par l'étrange destin des livres, a obtenu trente éditions en Amérique, n'a jouté de sept éditions en Angleterre, berceau du poète. En France, les nécrologues du jour ne peuvent apprécier cette œuvre que d'après les vagues "on-dit."

L'auteur de ce *Faustus* de 1839 a sagement évité de longues désillusions en ne priant pas son héros, *Méphisto*, de le laisser jeune.

You will observe that the veteran poet's name (and English names are always a stumbling-block to the Latins) is correct, save for an unnecessary hyphen. Even the slip about *Faustus* has an agreeable air of approximating Bailey—and Kit Marlowe! Though the writer of the notice in *L'Aurore* probably forgot that Goethe had an English predecessor as well as an (imaginary) successor.—Yours, &c.

J. D. A.

Turner and Nature.

SIR,—In the interesting article on Nature Study in this week's *ACADEMY*, Turner is cited as having been one of the influences that should have given an impulse to nature study and the teaching of natural history in the schools. Turner and Nature! Surely we have here the very essence of antipathy.

It has recently been suggested that the wonderful effects of light and colour obtained by Turner were entirely due to abnormal vision. Be that as it may, Turner was a great artist, not by reason of his study of or adherence to Nature, but because of his bold ignoring of Nature. There are, according to Père André, three kinds of beauty—divine, natural and artificial. Turner, for the most part, proclaimed the last of these.—Yours, &c.

BURFORD HOOKE.

Norfolk House,
Brixton Oval, S.W.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 156 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best character sketch of a Schoolmaster or Schoolmistress, not exceeding 200 words. We award the prize to Mr. Silas C. Penny, 13, Devereux Court, Strand, W.C., for the following:—

Very old was the beloved Bazlinton, rugged and snow-capped, yet strenuously erect after fifty years spent in the quaint Elizabethan Grammar School. Masters, juniors, and heads, had come and gone, but still the kindly-stern veteran taught the moods of *mones* to the wriggling urchins of the lowest form but one. A Plymouth brother of a bygone type, he governed his little world by rigid rules, withholding his Puritanism, yet ever upholding its simple dignity. To us, his rebellious subjects, the aged figure clad in old-fashioned broadcloth, the luminous eyes and frosted, shaggy head, the lank, explanatory arm flourishing the sceptre of pedagogic sovereignty, were awesome things, but as we climb the classes of manhood's school they are among the dearest recollections of our innocence. He taught us the verb *amo* in its truest meaning. How we hated him—then; and how we love him—now! He died "in harness," this grand old man. In the long half-century of his labours, scores passed into and through that lowest "form" but one, and to-day a hundred successful lives stand as monuments to his memory.

Other sketches follow:—

A dark little man with long pointed features and a restless eye, he strode through the school passages, masterdom in every step. His methods were sudden and quick but he well understood the art of popular government. By nature splenetic and rash, he put the curb on his disposition. After his sudden conversion to the Italian pronunciation of Latin, woe betide the boy who dropped into his own method of a few weeks ago. Two great qualities he had. His own enunciation was clear and sharp, an admirable thing in masters, and his ringing "I cannot HEAR" awoke many a mumbler. His second faculty was that of rapid criticism. He instinctively swooped on the essential, good or bad. How well I recollect when in debate on Church Disestablishment I had (Heaven knows how) picked up an opinion of Hallam's on the question of public rights in lands held in mortmain. Instantly he was all alertness. On another occasion I remember essays on the character of Hamlet were the order of the day, and one phrase, after he had ascertained that it was original, took the blue ribbon. "Hamlet," said the essayist, "was an inveterate moralizer,"—a truly critical remark.

[A. E. C., Addiscombe.]

His classes were boisterously indifferent to lessons, and he was in complete sympathy with a boy's passion for open-air and freedom. Accomplished in mathematics science and languages, he condoned every aversion to study, and delighted to help the young explorer of the stony paths of knowledge. Questioned by a pupil of daring and enquiring mind, he replied, stroking his soft blond beard, and with an absent look in his frank blue eyes: "No, I really think boys ought not to be sent to school. Let them enjoy life in the country and on the sea-shore. They would soon then genuinely thirst for knowledge."

Daintily clean in habits, language, and thought, there was nothing dandical in his attire, and his appearance in a new suit was attributed to the representations of the headmaster. As a leader of picnics he was unequalled, and he expounded the chemistry of stones, the life of a snail, or the proper manner of poaching eggs, with equal felicity and boyish enthusiasm.

It was in spiritual matters that he chiefly fell from the conventional ideal. An open confession that he considered a ten-mile walk more beneficial than the attendance of divine worship reached the parents' ears. This, added to whispers of Atheism, shocked their respectability, and made his resignation inevitable.

The indignation of his class was loud and long.

[S. B. W., West Hartlepool.]

Competition No. 157 (New Series).

This week we invite each competitor to send us what he considers the most remarkable passage of delicate satire in English prose literature, such passage not to exceed 200 words. To this should be added the competitor's reason for his choice, not exceeding 100 words. To the sender of the best passage and comment we shall award a prize of One Guinea.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 24 September, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Hastings (James), *The Expository Times*, Vol. 13. (T. and T. Clark) 7/6
Parinanda (Sri), *An Eastern Exposition of the Gospel of Jesus, according to St. John* (Hutchinson) 2/0
Bulbeck (Rev. W. A.), *The Date of the Crucifixion*, (Art and Book Company) 0/6

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Linton (E. K. and Arthur), *A Book of Poems* (Sonnenschein)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Murray (T. Douglas), *Jeanne D'Arc* (Heinemann) net 15/0
Bellot (Hugh H. L.), *The Inner and Middle Temple* (Methuen) net 6/0
Harrison (Frederic), *English Men of Letters: John Ruskin* (Macmillan) net 2/0
Armstrong (Edward), *The Emperor Charles V.* 2 Vols. (") net 21/0
Mille (A. B. de), *Nineteenth Century Series: Literature in the Century* (Chambers) net 5/0
Irvine (R. F.) and Alpers (O. T. J.), *Nineteenth Century Series: The Progress of New Zealand* (Chambers) net 5/0
Wilkins (W. H.), *Our King and Queen. Part XIII.* (Hutchinson) net 0/7
Parliament Past and Present. XIV. (") net 0/7
Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Vol. XXIII. (The Society) Mackenzie (W. Douglas), *John Mackenzie* (Hodder and Stoughton) net 7/6
Curtiss (Samuel Ives), *Primitive Semitic Religion To-day* (Hodder and Stoughton) net 6/0
In a Tuscan Garden (Lane) net 5/0
Banks (Elizabeth L.), *The Autobiography of a "Newspaper Girl"* (Methuen) 6/0
Davies (Gerald S.), *Frans Hals* (Bell) net 42/0
Gower (Lord Ronald Sutherland), *Sir Joshua Reynolds* (") net 7/6
Feiern (Karl), *Dante and his Time* (Heinemann)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Swan (Howard), *Flashes from the Far East* (Hakubunken, Tokyo)

EDUCATIONAL.

- Eckmann-Chatrion, *Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813* (Cambridge University Press) 3/0
Nicol (J. C.), *Cicero in Catilinam* (") 2/6
Durham (F. H.), *English History from Original Sources, 1390-1485* (Black) 2/0
Greenwood (A. D.), *Edward II. to Richard III.* (") 2/6
Scott (Sir Walter), *The Fair Maid of Perth*. (School Edition.) (") 1/6
Lyde (L. W.), edited by, *Shakespeare's Macbeth* (") 1/4
Ninet (M.), *Maitre Patelin* (Blackwood) 0/6
English Words and Sentences. Book I. (Blackwood) 0/6
Book II. (") 0/4
Elliott (J.), *Elementary Geometry* (Sonnenschein) 0/4
Blackie's Little German Classics: Schiller's Select Ballads. (Blackie) 0/6
" French Victor Hugo's Lyrical Poems (") 0/4
" " Michelet's L'Insecte (") 0/4
" English Classics: Milton's Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity (Blackie) 0/2

JUVENILE.

- Stables (Gordon), *In Forest Lands* (Nisbet) 5/0
Habberton (John), *Some Boys' Doings* (") 3/6
Everett-Green (Evelyn), *My Lady Joanna* (") 5/0
Chums, Yearly Volume, 1902 (Cassell) 8/0
Bo-Peep (") 2/6
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